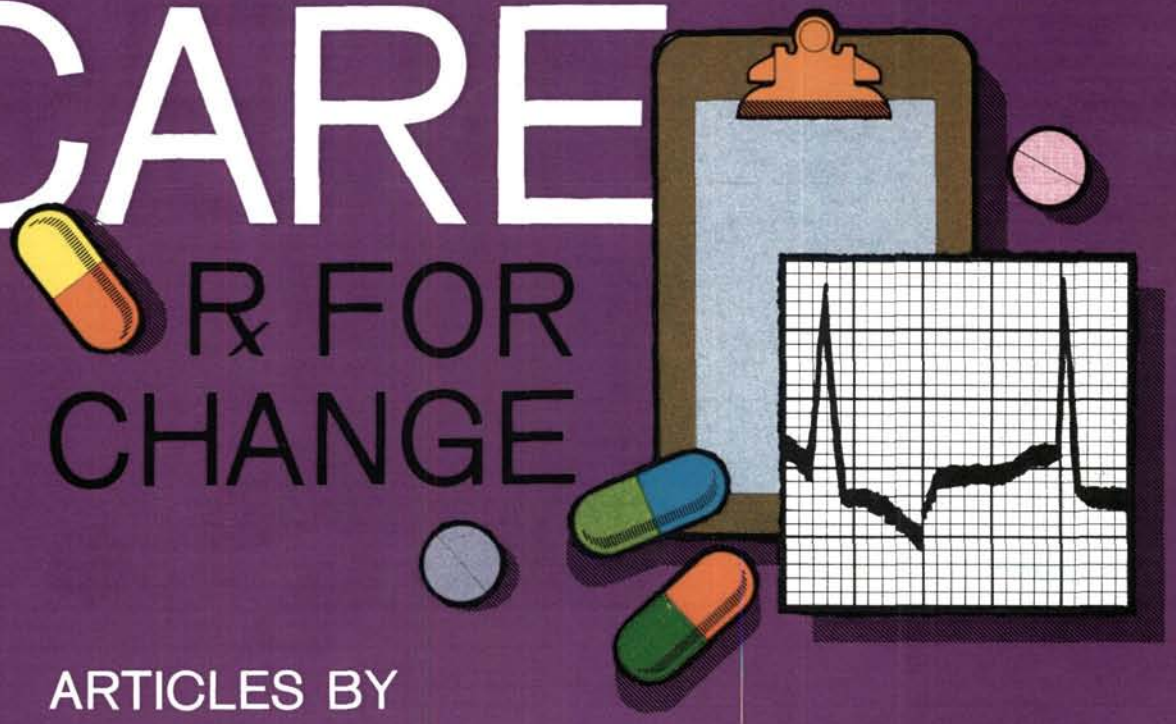
Can Doctors Cause Disease? by Norman Cousins

Saturday Review

AUGUST 22, 1970 50¢

HEALTH CARE

Rx FOR CHANGE



ARTICLES BY
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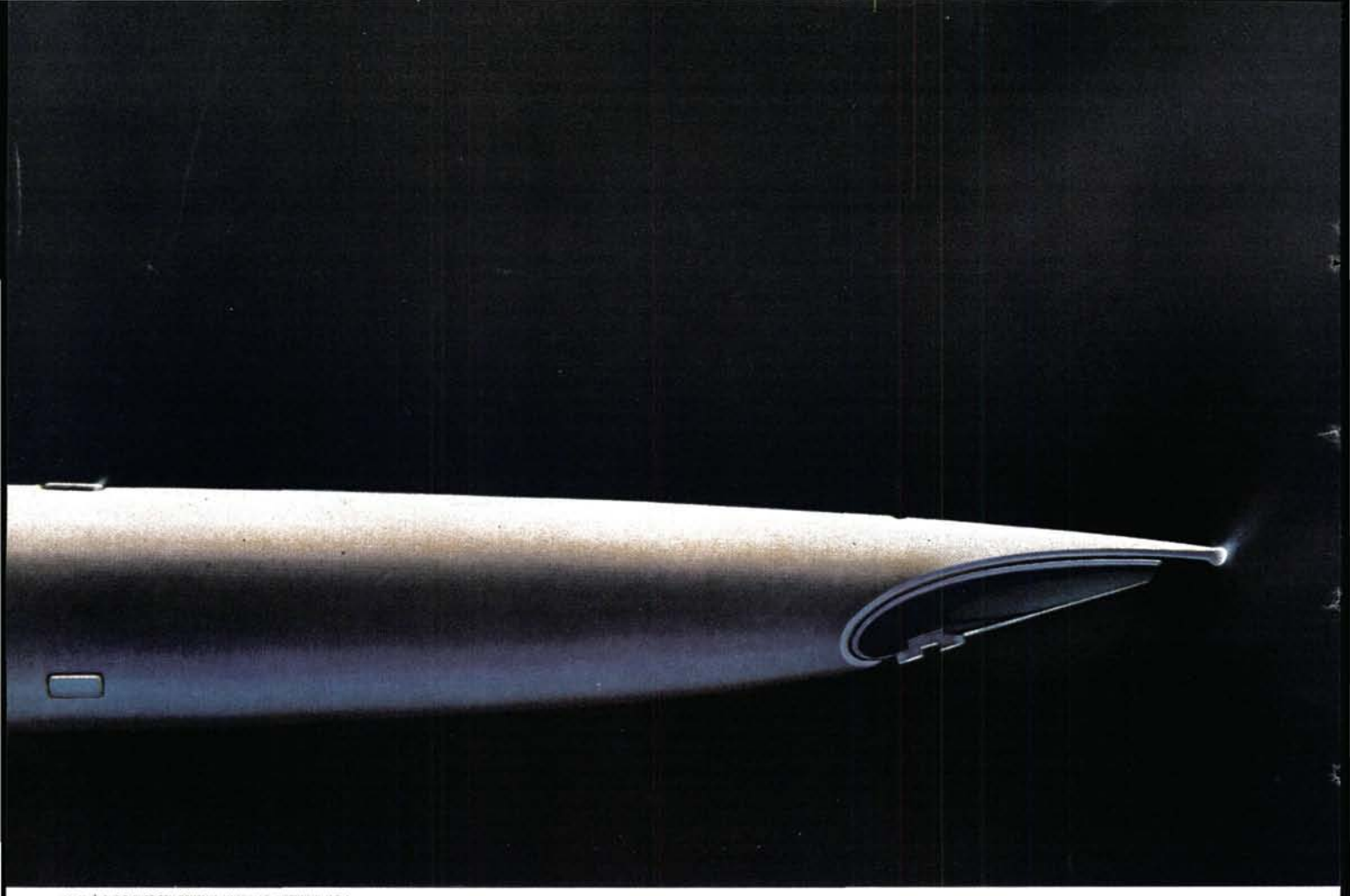

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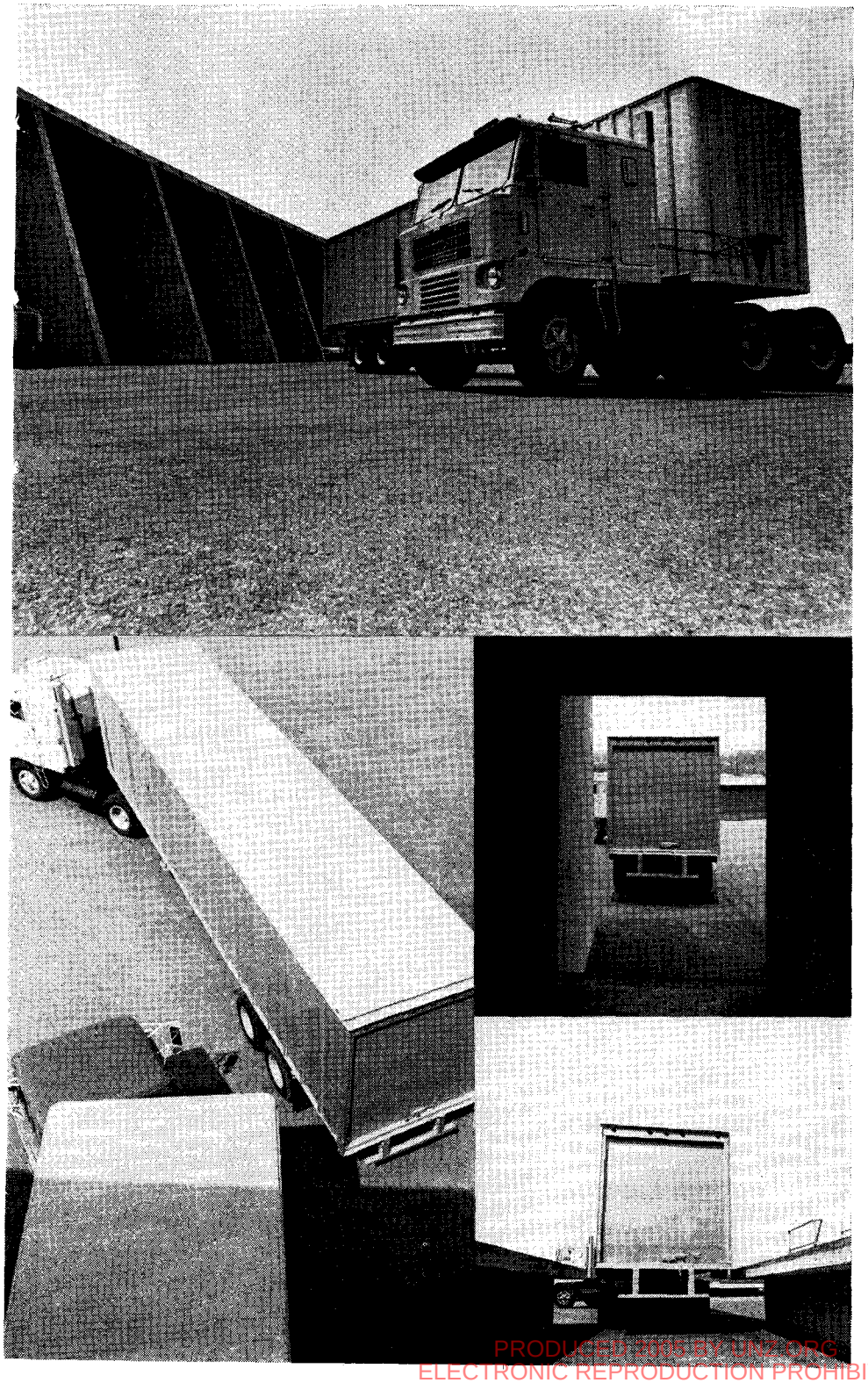
Admit it. The guys are good.



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If you've got it, a truck brought it.

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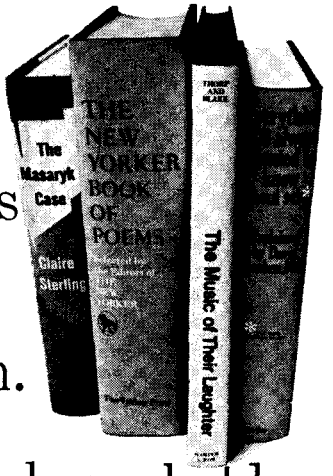
In May of 1966, the number one best seller was "Valley of the Dolls" by Jacqueline Susann.

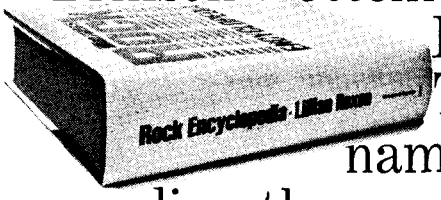
Our selection for that month was an obscure book called "Unsafe At Any Speed" by Ralph Nader.



Count on us for the book everybody isn't reading.

You might say we're the world's most unpopular book club.

Kazantzakis. Miller. McLuhan. Erikson. Bettelheim. Grass. Galbraith. Heller.



They weren't exactly household names when our members were reading them.

Maybe the big book clubs' editors are just as good as ours. Maybe they could find just as many great "unknowns," just as many watershed works. If they didn't have millions of members to keep happy.

We don't have to play it safe.

We can concentrate on finding the books that deserve to be read. Even if one or two do turn up on the best seller list.

So make up your mind. You can belong to a club where you get books that are currently very popular. Or you can join the Book Find Club. Where most of the books are premature.

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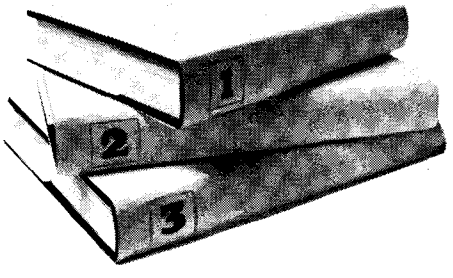

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The book that doesn't make it before publication these days isn't likely to make it afterwards. Making it (to use the phrase that Norman Podhoretz made his own) is part of the publisher's job, and that is why we are pleased that there has been so much advance enthusiasm for Weston La Barre's magnum opus, THE GHOST DANCE. A sampling:

"This book has achieved the nearly impossible, integration of anthropology and comparative religion with psychoanalytic theory . . . will surely be a milestone in the history of the science of man," writes Dr. Werner Muensterberger. "In a class with Rhode, Dodds, Frazer—with the very best ever written on religion . . . It seems to have everything: the grand vision, originality, the personal style that makes an impact . . . This book is genius," says Dr. George Devereux, psychoanalyst and anthropologist. "It is a magnificent book," Dr. Ashley Montagu puts in, and Dr. Martin Grotjahn of USC calls it "almost overwhelming . . . a most fascinating study of the creation of God."

It is impossible to summarize this learned, difficult, ambitious, and successful work. In brief, La Barre, a brilliant psychiatrist and anthropologist, has written of the origins of religion. He shows that religion is all too often maladaptive, part of a neurotic retreat from reality. He is especially interesting on the role of the religious mediator, the shaman. With shamans and shams mixed in everywhere with good men and wise men, such identification can be as important in this era as it was to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Plains Indians. And after his incisive knife work and needlepoint on Plato, that wise old one may never be the same.

Whether or not all this is as anti-religious as it seems at first glance is debatable. I, for one, find the debunking of religiosity important to a sense of genuine religion. In any case, THE GHOST DANCE is not to be read by first glances. It is a book recognized well before publication as well worth reading years after publication.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

THE GHOST DANCE: The Origins of Religion ($12.50), by Weston La Barre, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

August 22, 1970

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Health Care
Rx for Change

A Special Issue

Cover design: Irving Spellens

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Try a Little Tenderness

WE LIVE in an age of insensitivity. They sure know how to hurt a fellow. You meet them in every walk of life—the butchers, the bakers, the everyday trouble-makers. They can decimate you with only a simple declarative sentence.

Take for instance Arturo, the mild-mannered, soft-spoken tailor in Alexander Shields, chic Park Avenue men's shop. I stood preening before a mirror as Arturo was fitting a jacket to my frame.

Suddenly, and out of the blue serge, Arturo looked up at me and said, "Your right shoulder is lower than your left shoulder."

Augusta, the attractive lady who sold me the jacket, gasped audibly and stepped back a pace, as though I were a carrier.

"Just one darned moment," I said to Arturo. "With all due respect, there are certain personal things that two men can discuss privately between themselves. And this is one of them. Just stick to your tailoring. This jacket is obviously a minor alteration job. The right sleeve is too short, that's all."

"It is short," continued Arturo brutally, "because your right arm is longer than your left arm, and that's because your left shoulder isn't as low as your right shoulder, which sags."

Augusta walked unsteadily away to lie down somewhere in the shop.

This skeletal diagnosis was something I had not anticipated when I walked into the shop for a jacket. And certainly not in the presence of the attractive and late departed Augusta.

That kind of personal debasement belongs only in the hushed confines of the confessional. Which in this case was the full-length mirror on my bathroom door. To which I hastened after being subjected to several other invectives by Arturo about the curvature of my spine, and the total absence of hips.

I locked myself in, pulled the shade, undressed, and with head high, chin up, I took a deep breath, opened my eyes, and gazed into the mirror. Hm, hm—Arturo was right about the right shoulder. Arturo and the mirror were both right. They differed only in that my full-length mirror doesn't go around blabbing to every Augusta who comes along what it sees when it examines me.

I decided it was one of those things described in medical circles as "something you have to live with." But it could easily be corrected. That night I strutted into a dinner party holding my right shoulder high. A few more struts around the room, and my hostess said, "What's the matter with your left shoulder?"

"It's not my left shoulder," I replied.

"Your right shoulder seems much higher than your left shoulder," she insisted. "Are you in pain?"

"No, it'll be all right," I replied. "It just needs the sleeve lengthened."

I was not the belle of the ball that night.

That was definitely not one of my up days. But it was mere prologue to the days that followed. Arturo had triggered the adrenaline of my sensitivity. In all the past years that I had been fitted for jackets, no tailors had even mentioned a low shoulder.

No doubt they had seen the droop and chalked it, but not one of them had thought to say, "Your right arm is longer than your left, because your right shoulder sags." Like bad breath, I suppose, it was not within their scope.

Those were the graceful, gentle years. Now I began to find myself, like Hamlet, in a "sea of troubles," overflowing with sadists, all eager to bring on "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

The dentist, picking around for cavities, suddenly said, "Your left canine has shifted." I bolted upright as his nurse dropped a pad of cotton with a thud and fled. It's the "your" that does it. So personal and demeaning.

The air conditioner repair man, searching for the wheeze in the machine's respiratory tract, announced, "Your filter is filthy." The maid stared at me in revulsion.

The jeweler, peering at the innards of my watch, said, "Your spring is sprung." A woman customer flew from the shop for a breath of fresh air.

The podiatrist said, "No wonder this shoe feels tight on this foot. It's larger than the other. Your feet don't match." His receptionist drew on rubber gloves to accept my check.

And the garage mechanic, his head under the hood of my car, bellowed for all to hear, "Your pistons need grinding."

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune I can nobly suffer. All it takes is a little ducking, and the worst that can happen is that you get killed. But these lasting scars left by Arturo and his counterparts—aye, there's the rub.

"Et tu!"

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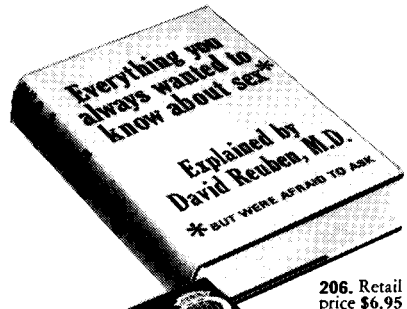

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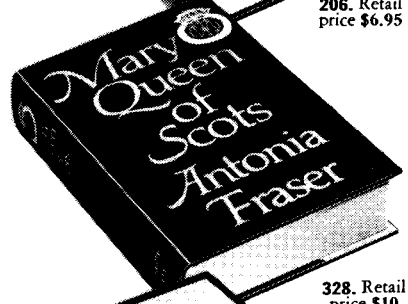
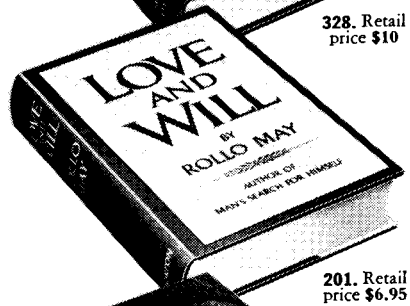
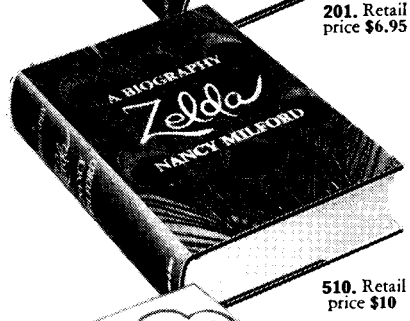


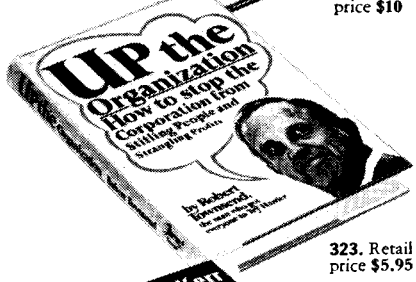
328. Retail price **$10**



201. Retail price **$6.95**

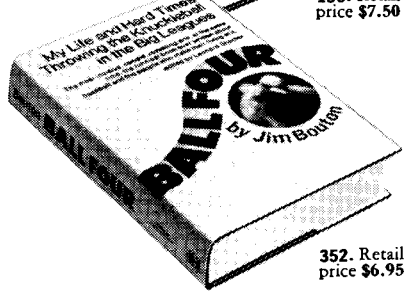


510. Retail price **$10**



323. Retail price **$5.95**

130. Retail price **$7.50**



352. Retail price **$6.95**

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

1,190 ABORTIONS IN 23 DAYS
HEADS PUBLISHING INDUSTRY

That was the headline published in *The New York Times* on page 9 on July 26. Underneath was the story:

> Moscow, July 25 (Reuters)—A deputy editor of Pravda took charge of the Soviet Union's publishing industry yesterday. Boris I. Stukalin was named head of the Committee on the Press. . . .

Then, on page 27, came another clue:

A DEPUTY EDITOR OF PRAVDA
REPORTED BY CITY HOSPITALS

Still not quite the McCoy—but, we'd say, on the way. Anyway, underneath, another story:

> The Health and Hospital Corporation reported yesterday that 1,190 abortions had been performed in the city's municipal hospitals between July 1 and midnight Thursday. . . .

One thing was certain—it was a Typosetter's Dream, and more readers sent it to us than any other single item this year. Leslie Katz of Toronto was first across the finishing line, closely followed by Berton Coleman of Shawnee Mission, Kansas, Louis Szathmary of Chicago's famed Bakery Restaurant, and lyricist and playwright Frank Hogan. We liked best, however, Hogan's brief comment. "For the first time," he said, "I understand the publishing industry."

Elsewhere, on the book front, Joan Gottschalk offers, from "What Minneapolis Is Reading" in the Minneapolis *Tribune,* the following:

> *The Sensuous Woman,* by Robert Townsend. Witty book subtitled "How to Stop the Corporation from Stifling People and Strangling Profits."

Then, too, John Hert favored us with library news from the Fayette (Missouri) *Advertiser*:

> There have been added to the rental book shelf at the Public Library, according to Mrs. E. R. Page of the Book Club, three new books: "In Place of Splendor," by Constancia de la Mora, a story of Spain before the recent war; a best seller, "How Green Was My Valet," by Richard Llewellyn. . . .

"A young, untried successor to Jeeves?" Hert asks.

"The Van Allen belt is falling! The Van Allen belt is falling!"

But there was good news on the teaching front—at least so Ruth White Fink found after searching diligently in the classified section of the Chapel Hill *Weekly*:

> Experienced teacher will tudor English, also elementary English.

"Could this be," she asks, "elementary *Elizabethan* English?" Right at the Harvard Club of New York, however, there was hell to pay. John L. - - - - - - - - Jr. ("Don't use my name," he insists. "I don't want to be expelled") offers this note from the *Club Bulletin*:

June 1-September 14
Bedrooms Available for Couples
Weekday Nights

What on earth do you suppose goes on on week*ends*? Orgies? Anyway, we sure do understand why member Davidson doesn't want his name used.

What with the recession and/or depression and all, upon reading *The Shattered Dream,* an excellent book about Herbert Hoover, we were anxious to meet the book's author, Gene Smith, and ask him if the American people had now gotten themselves another Hoover. Remember, we challenged the author of *When the Cheering Stopped,* a book about Woodrow Wilson—every time the Democrats get in, we have a war; every time the Republicans get in, we have a depression. But this time we have both.

"Nixon *Hoover*!" the dapper Mr. Smith, who is not an exclaiming sort of person, exclaimed. "Why Nixon is nowhere *near* as capable. Nixon had so many *failures.* But Hoover—Hoover was the all-time all-American Dream Boy. Up to the time he was President, he *never* had a failure. Hoover was a colossus—a big, physically strong giant of a man. Nixon is a little man. But I'm not going to get going on that. The kind of book I do shouldn't be done on Nixon for thirty years."

You deny, we persisted, that there's any comparison? "Bless me," Mr. Smith put down his drink, "you really keep at a point, don't you? Superficially, I'll admit, there are similarities. Both have depressions, both conservatives, both Quakers, both from small towns, both Californians—even if Hoover was born in West Branch, Iowa. The bonus marchers come to Washington and Hoover refuses to see them. The antiwar guys come to Washington and Nixon watches television. But that's about all. Anyway, such a comparison is terribly unfair to Hoover. He was a real world figure. He was also a man who believed in results. He was not the kind of man who smiled to make people happy. Nixon has such

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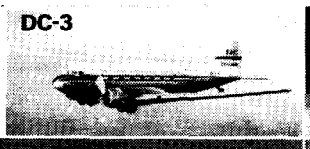
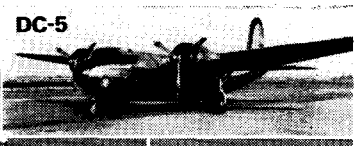
DC-10... here's number one!

We've just rolled out the first of an exciting new line of DC jetliners. The DC-10. ☐ As its name implies, this is the 10th new airliner in the famous "DC" family that started 37 years ago. ☐ The big, new DC-10 is no longer than many jets flying today, but it is appreciably bigger where it matters—inside. There's room for two wide aisles, an eight-foot ceiling, and lounge-size, two-abreast seating throughout—appealing new dimensions in jet travel. ☐ Leading world airlines will offer its wide-cabin comforts on transcontinental and overseas nonstops, and intercity flights as short as 300 miles, too. ☐ The new DC-10 is sized to use existing runways and airport terminal facilities, promising greater operating efficiency for the airlines. ☐ Passenger comfort, route flexibility and efficiency—all combine to make the new DC-10 a logical choice for air travelers and airlines alike. Watch for it. The new DC-10.

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

The new DC-10 has been chosen by these forward-looking airlines: American Airlines, United Air Lines, Northwest Airlines, Trans International Airlines, KLM-Royal Dutch Airlines, Scandinavian Airlines System (SAS), Swissair, UTA French Airlines, Overseas National Airways, National Airlines, Air Afrique, Alitalia, Continental Airlines, and Air New Zealand.





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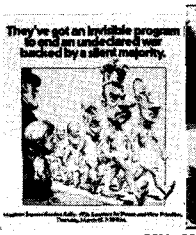
P630. ON THE LOOSE. Near the wild heart of life; full color photo by Terry Russell. 25¾" x 37¾". *Only* **2.49**

P503. PEACE GODDESS. Monochrome nude in blue circle. 23"x29". *Only* **1.00**

P619. EARTH DAY, APRIL 22, 1970. Bird wing hovering above skull; in grays & green. 22¾"x33½". *Only* **1.00**

P564. GEORGE & RINGO. Dayglo chartreuse, purple, green, blue, matte black. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



P523. "THEY'VE GOT AN INVISIBLE PROGRAM to end an undeclared war backed by a silent majority"; 4-color cartoon. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P511. OBLIVIATION. Dissolution of the universe; Dayglo red, chartreuse, blue, green, purple, burnt orange, matte black. 22½" x 28½". *Only* **1.98**

P581. HOLLAND POP FESTIVAL. Rotterdam 1970; bright red, orange, purple, green. 20"x30". *Special Import* **1.98**

P569. WHO ARE YOU? Dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, blue, yellow. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**

P566. SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW. Dayglo cerise, yellow, burnt orange on deep matte blue. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**

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P871. Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against background of sea and sand. 17"x21". *Only* **1.98**

P450. LOTUS. In black & white. Huge 20½"x40". *Only* **1.00**

P509. "EVE". "African genesis" in Dayglo green, blue, yellow, orange, red, matte black. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P510. SEA GODDESS. Dayglo cerise, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, matte black. 21¾" x 33½". *Only* **1.98**

P538. Cézanne: THREE SKULLS. Unknown, never previously shown Cézanne; brown & yellow on deep blue-green background. 30" x 18". *Only* **2.98**

P507. SEASON OF THE WITCH. Dayglo red, green, blue, yellow, burnt orange on matte black. 22" x 33". *Only* **1.98**

P502. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY. Line drawing in black & white. 22" x 31". *Only* **1.00**

P594. OPHELIA. Black background with blue pool shading into green foliage. 30½"x40". *Only* **1.98**

P591. NIJINSKY. Costumed in black and gold, on black background. 30" x 48½". *Only* **1.98**

P592. SCHEHERAZADE. In butterscotch & chocolate on black. 28½" x 37½". *Only* **1.98**

P363. FEELIN' GROOVY. Our favorite canine in Black Lite cerise, green, black & white. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P505. ATLANTIS. Dayglo yellow, red, orange, with black, green, blue. 22" x 34". *Only* **1.98**

P576. DYLAN. Magenta, orange, blues, flesh tones. 20"x30". *Special Import* **1.98**

P516. GERONIMO. Dayglo cerise, yellow, purple, blue, green, black. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P620. EARTH DAY. NYC rally; blue & green. 17½" x 22½". *Only* **1.00**

P578. "MAE WEST, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, W. C. FIELDS". Green, orange, blue. 20" x 26¼". *Special Import* **1.98**

P508. LIGHT SOUND. Dayglo star in cerise, purple, orange, yellow & green; blue rays & black. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

GIANT WALL HANGINGS

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P593. MIRROR. Reminiscent of "Cleopatra"; silver on muted purple. 29" x 44½".

P596. THE LITTLE MERMAID. From the Hans Christian Andersen tale; in black on white. 20½"x42".

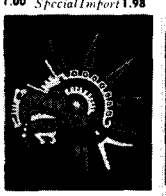
P590. EAST OF THE SUN. Bronze and gold, with silver horse on chocolate & brown. 33½"x42½".

P187. GRETA. Painted lady motorcyclist athwart a Los Barrochos M.C. rod; full color. 42" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

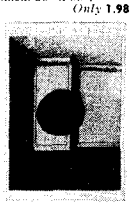
P504. DREAM CYCLE. Dayglo greens on "Op" dayglo road of red & blue. 21½" x 33½". *Only* **1.98**

P580. SYNCHROJECTOR RAMA. Black & gray tiger; multi-hued stars & motor parts on tire track,with full color rainbow. 30" x 20". *Special Import* **1.98**

P621. A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL. Earth Week poster; fetus in black on coated red stock. 16¾" x 23". *Only* **1.00**



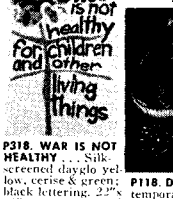
P515. SHOUTING PHEASANT. Dayglo cerise, orange, blue, green, purple, yellow on black. 22" x 27". *Only* **1.98**



P618. GIVE EARTH A CHANCE. Milton Glaser poster in greens & blue. 24" x 37". *Only* **1.98**

P561. LARGE LOVE. Dayglo cerise on chartreuse, with green, blue, burnt orange. 43" x 28". *Only* **2.98**

P524. Wyeth: DODGES RIDGE. Storm-swept landscape in full color; printed in The Netherlands. 30"x25½". *Only* **11.95**



P318. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY . . . Silkscreened dayglo yellow, cerise & green; black lettering. 22"x 34". *Only* **1.98**

P118. DRAGON. Contemporary "Gothic" dragon; vivid dayglo colors on matte black. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P316. OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE—YOUNG ONES DO. Silkscreened in dayglo red, blue, green, on white. 32¾"x 20". *Only* **1.98**

P960. PEACE/LOVE. Black with dayglo rainbow of cerise through orange, yellow, green to blue. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P114. SPHERES. Dayglo red, orange, & green spheres on black. 19" x 31". *Only* **1.98**

P541. 18TH CENTURY DUTCH ZODIAC MAP. Constellations plus astrological information; pale greens predominate. 20" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P634. LOVE (with a Band-Aid). Lavender "Love," orange heart on white. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

P148. Hug: TIGER. on canvas. 28" x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P625. Raphael's "DAVID" AFTER MICHELANGELO. Pen & brown ink drawing *circa* 1504; on heavy coated stock. 15½"x28". *Only* **2.98**

P733. Picasso: BLUE NUDE. On Artists' Canvas. Silkscreen black lines on blue & gray from his blue period. 16"x20". *Special* **5.95**

P734. On heavy art stock. *Special* **2.98**

P562. SUPER LOVE. Dayglo yellow, cerise, blue, green, purple, burnt orange, on matte black. 43" x 28½". *Only* **2.98**

P830. Hug: THE CAT. On Canvas. Lithographed in brown tones, yellow & cream. 28" x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P560. EASY RIDER. Huge dayglo; yellow, orange, cerise, matte black on stunning matte blue. 43" x 28¼". *Only* **2.98**

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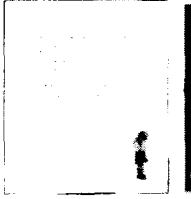
P587 SEPTEMBER 1922

P585 DECEMBER 1925

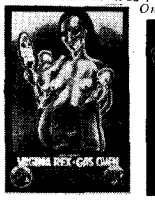
P583 DECEMBER 1917

P588 JANUARY 1926

P513. THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING. Dayglo greens & blues with red, purple & yellow. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



P413. EVERYONE NEEDS TO BE LOVED. Black & white photo on heavy, coated stock. 20¼"x 24½". *Only* **1.98**



P577. "VAGINA REX & THE GAS OVEN". English film poster in B/W. 20" x 30". *Special Import* **1.00**

P514. BUTTERFLY. Dayglo red, chartreuse, green, blue, purple, burnt orange on black. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P563. PAUL & JOHN. Dayglo chartreuse, burnt orange, blue, purple, matte black. 21"x33". *Only* **1.98**

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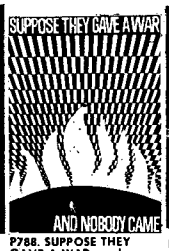
617. "I PLEDGE ALLE-IANCE..." Full Color; 1¼" x 28". *Only* **1.98**

P574. Robert Lindner: TELEPHONE. Comic strip hues of red, blue & yellow predominate. 20" x 24" *Special Import* **1.98**

P392. WHISTLER'S MOTHER. Full Color Whistler portrait (Chicago version). 21"x26". *Only* **1.98**

P622. I'D RATHER BE RED THAN DEAD. The original Red—and proud of it! Full Color; 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**



P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—and Nobody Came. 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**

P362. VISION. Full color photo, coated stock; greens predominate. 24"x36". *Only* **1.98**

P631. "IN WILDNESS..." Is the Preservation of the World"; full color photo by Eliot Porter. 25½" x 37¾". *Only* **2.49**

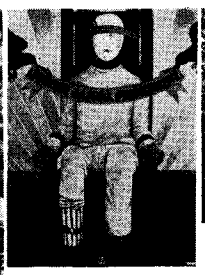
P540. PARADISE LOST. The apple of Old Sol's eye—with a big bite missing; red, blue, green. 19" x 27". *Special* **1.98**

HAS MORE POSTERS THAN ANYBODY!

458. Hug: ORANGUTAN. On Canvas; lithograph exotically rich red-browns. 28"x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P633. ON THE LOOSE. Man in nature; handsome full color photo by Terry Russell. 25½" x 37¾". *Only* **2.49**

P369. PROTEST! Huge Full Color photo-mural of American youth on the march. 40" x 30". *Special* **2.98**

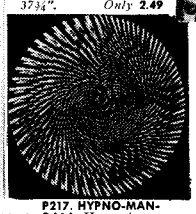


P448. ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT In Full Color on coated stock. 24½"x34½". *Only* **1.98**

P629. IN WILDNESS . . . *Autumn scene; full color photo* by Eliot Porter. 25½"x37¾". *Only* **2.49**

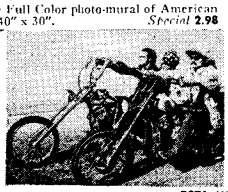
488. AMERICAN REALITY. Easy Rider poster silkscreened in dayglo red, white & blue. 35½" x 23½". *Only* **1.98**

P582. WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT DO I MEAN? Damsel in black leather; full color 2-piece poster. 16" x 56" overall. *Special Import* **2.98**



P217. HYPNO-MANDALA. Hypnotic swirl in dayglo red, yellow, blue, on purple 20" square. *Only* **1.00**

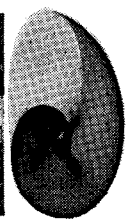
P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. *On Artists' Canvas*—silkscreen in black. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**



P478. EASY RIDER. Huge Full Color photo. 40" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P276. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS —INVEST IN YOUR SON. Lithograph in ice-blue, deep blue, and red lettering. 23" x 29". *Only* **4.95**

P337. WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR. Abandoned Mars in field of yellows, greens, browns, blue, white. 23"x35". *Only* **1.98**

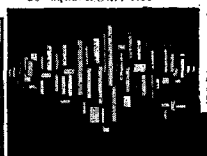


P579. SNAIL. Computer-drawn snail; fine black lines form moiré patterns on white stock. 20" x 29¼". *Special Import* **1.00**

339. PEACE. Hands, black and white, white love, sky blue field; silkscreen. 23"x29". *Only* **1.98**

P409. ILLUSTRATED GIRL. Full Color photo on coated stock. 29" x 39¾". *Only* **1.98**

P775. KISS A TOAD. In red and purple on olive/green background. 25½" x 25¼". *Special* **1.49**



P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on a matte black background. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P501. CAUTION: Keep out of reach of children. B/W; 19" x 29". *Only* **1.00**

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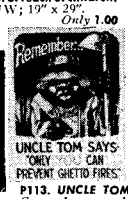

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an irresistible tendency to smile. Maybe it's necessary today. Who the hell knows? But Hoover was such a self-contained man. His own self-respect was all that mattered. Nixon wants to be liked—loved even. To Hoover, to be liked couldn't have mattered less. But to be *loved*—God, it was unthinkable. Do the work, speak the truth, don't sugarcoat the facts—those were his mottoes."

We promised not to press the comparison further—in return for which we learned that Mr. Smith was born in New York and lives with a very bright wife in a 1791 house in Pine Plains, New York. We also learned that his re-creation of the past has taught him to be very leery of people's memories. "The Hoover book," he told us, "started out to be a book about the Depression. I remember asking my father about it. He told me he had been lucky—that the Depression had never bothered him much. And then I went back and found his 1932 income tax. Do you know what he earned? For all of 1932? Nineteen hundred dollars. With a wife and two children at private schools, too. People's memories play funny tricks."

Mr. Smith's first book was *The Life and Death of Serge Rubinstein.* "It sold," he said, smiling, "four copies. I got a $1,500 advance and $500 for the paperback rights. With all those White Russians to interview, it cost me more than that to write it." After Rubinstein, however, came *When the Cheering Stopped,* which, as he puts it, was "Book-of-the-Month, the Reader's Digest, the works." *The Shattered Dream,* however, actually had better reviews than *Cheering* ever did. "The trouble is," he said, "it's hard to promote. I go to be on a TV show, and someone says, 'Herbert Hoover! Get rid of the guy!' "

Mr. Smith refused to tell us his next book. His best book? "Easy," he said. "*Still Quiet on the Western Front—Fifty Years Later.* I walked every battlefield," he said. "Do you know that the summer I did that—in 1964—seven people were killed. Imagine, all those grenades and unexploded shells and everything, still killing. In 1964, seven people killed in World War I."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1897)

THOMAS HELMORE:
AFFAIR AT QUALA

Bahrein is a place which seems to concern itself entirely with oil, unless you count mosquitoes and sand flies. They limit a trainee's tour to four months, which just gives him time to get malaria, recover from it and then come down with sand fly fever.

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Saturday Review

August 22, 1970

HEALTH CARE Rx FOR CHANGE

■ The United States, the Nixon administration warned in a series of statements last year, is on the verge of a "massive crisis" in health care. The nation devotes a greater share of resources to health care than do other countries. Yet it lags behind several large industrialized societies in primary indices of health. There is a growing shortage of doctors. Medical services are unevenly distributed. Costs are spiraling.

In the following special business section, under supervision of Editor-at-Large Alfred Balk, *Saturday Review* examines the nation's mounting health care problems. In the first article, U.S. Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, who heads a Senate subcommittee studying health care, discusses "The 'Healthiest Nation' Myth." Next, Dr. John H. Knowles, general director of the noted Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, writes on "Where Doctors Fail." Dr. Knowles, whose appointment to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare was opposed last year by the AMA and subsequently withdrawn, now is writing a book on health care in the United States, to be published by Random House. In the third article, Carl M. Cobb, Boston *Globe* medical writer who spent the past year as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, reports on "Solving the Doctor Shortage." The fourth article, by Rashi Fein, professor of the economics of medicine at the Center for Community Health and Medical Care of Harvard Medical School, presents "The Case for National Health Insurance." This week's editorial, on page 30, calls attention to problems of "iatrogenic" illness.

—THE EDITORS.

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THE "HEALTHIEST NATION" MYTH

—NYC Department of Health

Clinic in New York—"A dozen nations, each of which spends less per country and per person, can . . . do a better job of preventing infant deaths."

by ABRAHAM RIBICOFF,
U.S. Senator from Connecticut

About two years ago the wife of a forty-three-year-old house painter in Alabama was hospitalized for cancer of the cervix and colon while pregnant with the couple's fifth child. Over an eighteen-month period she had several major operations, round-the-clock nurses, and heavy dosages of expensive drugs, but she died. Her husband was left with a $30,000 medical bill, of which only $9,000 was covered by insurance.

Ruinous medical bills like this are only one example of what is wrong with American health care. (If the painter had lived in Sweden, which has national health insurance, his wife's hospital bill would have been $1.40 a day, doctors' visits would have cost $1.35 each, and drugs, if not free, would have been provided at minimal cost.) Another is that this woman was among 100,000 Americans who die of cancer each year who might be saved by earlier or better care.

There are serious and growing defects in American medicine. They range from shameful efforts at prevention —in which the patient is partly at fault—to a lack of manpower, equipment, and facilities, in which the patient clearly is a victim. From the patient's standpoint this translates to a fear that he will not find a doctor in an emergency, that he will receive inferior care, and that his rights as a consumer will be ignored by physicians and other health professionals. (A Harris poll showed that 64 per cent of the public—nearly seven of every ten people—believed that "most doctors don't want you to bother them.")

These fears are well founded; many Americans, even when they can pay, cannot find a doctor. This shortage is due basically to the "professional birth control" the American Medical Association practiced in the 1930s and, more recently, to the development of specialists and the tendency of doctors to pursue careers in teaching, research, industry, and public health instead of patient care. Those who can't find a doctor generally descend on already overburdened hospital emergency rooms, with the result that only one-third of the people waiting there for care are true emergency cases.

Those physicians we do have are distributed unevenly throughout the country and not necessarily according to need. A 1965 survey of 1,500 cities and towns in the upper Midwest showed that 1,000 had no doctor at all and 200 had only one. Highly populated areas have their problems as well. In Rochester, New York, the Monroe County Medical Society receives thirty to fifty calls every day from people looking for a doctor, according to Medical Society officials who testified during my 1968 Senate hearings on health care.

Yet, this year alone, medical schools turned down 15,000 well-qualified students who wanted places in freshman classes. There was only enough space for 10,000. That is an involuntary rejection rate of three of every five applicants, a loss this country cannot afford. And medical schools face such severe financial problems that forty-three of 107 in the U.S. received "financial distress" grants from the government. At the same time, cutbacks in federal funds have limited construction money to one of every four potential new medical schools this year.

The best the government's efforts for fiscal 1969 and 1970 will do is produce —by 1975 at the earliest—another 1,600 physicians, an increase of slightly more than one-half of 1 per cent in the current physician population. In the meantime, as health coverage expands, the demand for more doctors will automatically increase. Unless the country is willing to provide significant incentives to correct the poor geographic distribution of physicians, the situation can only worsen for certain groups in the population. The picture would be even darker were it not for foreign medical graduates, who comprise 14 per cent of the nation's active physicians and 28 per cent of its interns and residents.

Specialized hospital expertise also is distributed unevenly. A 1967 report of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer, and Stroke surveyed

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the 777 U.S. hospitals equipped to perform open-heart surgery. Such operations are complicated and demanding, with constantly changing procedures that require frequent use and a well-trained staff. Nonetheless, a full one-third of the hospitals surveyed by the commission had no open-heart surgery cases that year, more than 60 per cent had fewer than one a week, and 30 per cent had fewer than one a month.

Nor are hospital medical practice standards in general what they should be. The scandal of publicly owned hospitals has been well documented by young interns and residents, forcing the Joint Commission on the Accreditation of Hospitals to strip some large-city hospitals of their already minimal levels of accreditation and to threaten others with similar action. Also, physicians in voluntary, nonprofit hospitals admit privately that they cut too many corners and take too many chances with the lives and safety of patients.

There are stories of heart attack patients placed in halls near nurses' stations when cardiac units are full, of hospitals failing to separate infectious gynecological patients from obstetrics areas containing newborn infants, and special emergency units that function without any blood bank and that provide X-ray service only between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. and not on weekends at all. It is impossible to ignore the warning from the chief of medicine at one of New York City's public hospitals: "You come to this hospital, and we're telling you somebody's going to take care of you. The fact is, you're going to lie in a pool of feces, develop an ulcer, septicemia [blood poisoning], and perhaps ultimately die because of inadequate nursing care."

The poor have known for years that medical care was expensive, hard to get, and uneven in quality. So has much of rural and small-town America. Now the urban middle class, which must receive its care from the same poorly organized system, is learning all this, too. Although high costs have hit harder than any other problem so far, the American middle class is beginning to understand that poor organization also can result in death or disability.

Obstetricians and pediatricians at one major teaching hospital insist that many infant deaths and cases of brain damage and blood disease could be prevented if communities devised better systems of identifying women who were "high-risk" pregnancies. What troubles these physicians is that such cases often are identifiable, the risk to the mother and child predictable, the treatment known, and the resources available.

Meanwhile, some individuals still contend that the medical crisis in this country is exaggerated and overblown, that the doctor shortage is not severe, and that many communities without doctors may be even healthier than those with doctors. But none of those individuals who argue this position is willing to live in a community without doctors. They point out that our finest medical care is second to none and that people from other countries come here for open-heart surgery as well as for complex brain and eye operations. But the shocking truth is that in too many instances it doesn't even extend beyond their own doorstep to the approximately twenty million Americans who receive inadequate care or no care at all.

Defenders of American medical care also argue that the Swedish system, good though it may seem, is not as cheap as it appears: The Swedish citizen pays 20 per cent of his taxes—the highest in the world—for health. Even so, Sweden still devotes 1 per cent *less* of its Gross National Product and $45 *less* per person for health than does the United States.

If cost were any indication of quality, then America would be the healthiest nation in recorded history. We spend more money on health and medical care than any other people in the world: $63-billion a year, 6.7 per cent of our Gross National Product, $294 per person. No other country can match any of these figures.

But a dozen nations, each of which spends less per country and per person, can match us and do a better job of preventing infant deaths. Twelve nations also have a lower maternal mortality rate. In seventeen countries, men live longer than in the United States. Women have a better chance of surviving in ten other countries. And the percentage of men who will die between the ages of forty and fifty is less in seventeen other nations. Obviously, we are not the healthiest nation in the world. We are not even close. Personal habits, life-styles, education, income, genetics, and physical and social environment have combined, along with medical care deficiencies, to produce the data that destroy this myth.

Medical care may play only a secondary role in these world rankings (although the countries that come out on top, such as Sweden, also have good and inexpensive medical care). Public health officials often contend they could do more for the nation's health by getting rid of the slums and ending pollution than by making sure everybody has a thorough physical exam once a year. Early death, they say, seems related more to income and life-style than to medical care. And although infant mortality occurs mostly among poor blacks, who often do not see a doctor, a recent California study found that whites with regular medical care do not have that state's lowest infant death rate. Japanese-Americans do. In fact, they outrank whites on every index of good health.

But none of these considerations should obscure or minimize the point that when most Americans speak of health they mean medical care, because that is what the $63-billion is supposed to buy. Nor can we minimize the fact that health costs continue to rise out of proportion to other prices, and that few signs of relief are visible on the manpower horizon. Just five years ago the national health bill was a fraction of today's $63-billion figure —$37-billion. Rough estimates predict that it will reach $100-billion in the next five years and may even double and reach $200-billion in the early 1980s.

If current trends continue, the major share of that increase—47 per cent in the past—will be due to rising prices caused by inflation, technology, long-overdue wage increases for hospital employees from nurses to kitchen workers, and just plain higher charges. Thirty-five per cent will come from more services provided per person, and 18 per cent from population in-

—Massachusetts General Hospital

"Nor are hospital medical practice standards in general what they should be."

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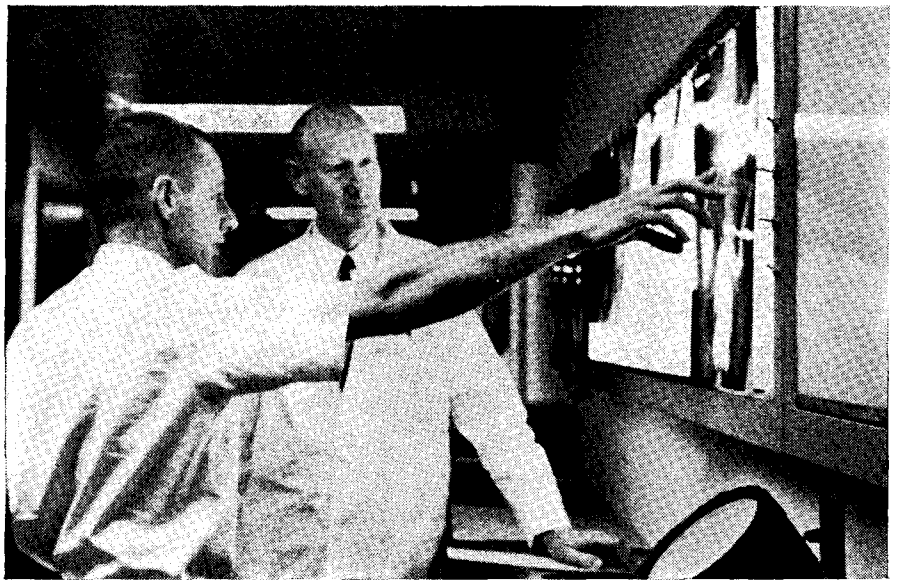
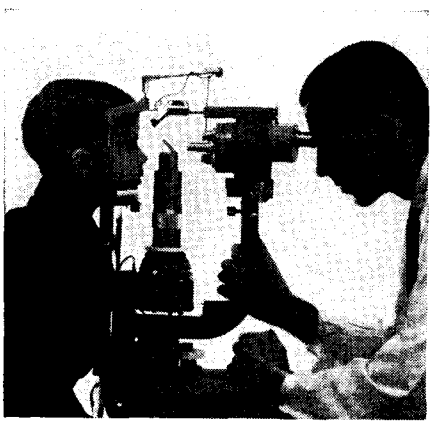


—Hartford Hospital

—Hartford Hospital

"All that keeps the medical care system afloat . . . is the fact that millions literally have no knowledge of their medical needs."



—Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions

creases. Hospital charges, which doubled between 1956 and 1966, already have gone up another 50 per cent in the last three years. Doctors' fees during the 1960s rose twice as fast as the general cost of living, with the biggest boost coming since the advent of Medicare.

A reliable prediction—one that a health economist would stand by—is not available. Too many political uncertainties cloud the picture. But no special wisdom is needed to understand that unless efficiencies and controls are adopted, the cost of health care will skyrocket out of sight. Reliable predictions of medical manpower needs also depend upon basic decisions the country makes regarding the organization, financing, and delivery of medical care. But all the evidence suggests that manpower shortages will continue.

This, then, is where we stand today: high costs, not enough doctors, nurses, or other health professionals, too many people receiving poor care or no care at all, inadequate health insurance, and most medical care organized and operated in a manner that rewards inefficiencies and perpetuates inequities. All that keeps the medical care system afloat, as Dr. John Knowles suggested at my 1968 hearings, is the fact that millions literally have no knowledge of their medical needs.

Thus, when one large metropolitan hospital recently gave medical examinations in a ghetto junior high school, 20 per cent of the students were found to have hearing and sight problems. Because nobody had ever examined them before, many had spent half their public school lives in schools for the retarded.

The same type of problem shows up again when eye examinations are given suburban children. The National Center for Health Statistics estimated that in 1967 nearly half the people in this country had at least one chronic disease or impairment.

Why should these conditions exist? Why should medical care be on the verge of collapse for so many Americans?

One compelling reason was contained in a letter last fall from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. I had asked how each of the twenty-four departments and agencies that spend the government's $20.6-billion health budget contributed to the formulation and implementation of the national health policy. With refreshing candor, HEW answered: "Up to and including the present there has never been a formulation of national health policy as such. In addition, no specific mechanism has been set up to carry out this function."

That in itself is an intolerable situation. If there is no policy, there can be no goals. If there are no goals, there can be no strategies. This is what we have today, and the result is that medical care, instead of being a public responsibility, is a private business. It is operated more for the convenience of its practitioners than according to the needs of the sick.

Washington's $20.6-billion health budget is one-third the money the United States spends on health. Clearly, the government has both the potential and the responsibility to spend its money as a lever for improvements in manpower, organization, and efficiency in addition to whatever action is taken on national health insurance.

If Washington does not assure all Americans access to adequate medical care at a cost they can afford, with enough manpower to meet their needs, then who will? If Washington does not act, then the best advice anyone can offer is this: Get sick today; don't wait five years.

Infant Mortality
Fifteen Countries

Rank	Country	Infant mortality per 1,000 births
1	Sweden	12.9
2	Netherlands	13.4
3	Finland	14.2
4	Norway	14.6
5	Japan	15.0
6	Denmark	15.8
7	Switzerland	17.5
8	New Zealand	18.0
9	Australia	18.3
10	Britain	18.8
11	France	20.6
12	East Germany	21.2
13	Canada	22.0
14	United States	22.1
15	West Germany	22.8

Source: U.N., U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare

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WHERE DOCTORS FAIL

by JOHN H. KNOWLES

In this day of big problems, massively transmitted to an anxious and inflamed citizenry, the American physician has received more than his share of rhetorical abuse. The In statement of the avant-garde medical critic is that we in the medical world have developed a "nonsystem, cottage industry" and are populated by a merchant class of greedy Sybarites who subdivide the body according to specialist interest, refuse to make house calls, and preach the gospel of Puritan asceticism, social Darwinism, and Mark Hanna—"the public be damned!" Organized medicine—the American Medical Association—emerges as the ogre in the form of a vast and powerful trade union interested only in the economic advancement of its members. The medical schools are not exempt from the avalanche of criticism. Even those lovely selfless creatures called nurses have been taken to task for wanting full professionalization through education and for not spending more time with the patient, or at least with his back and his bedpan.

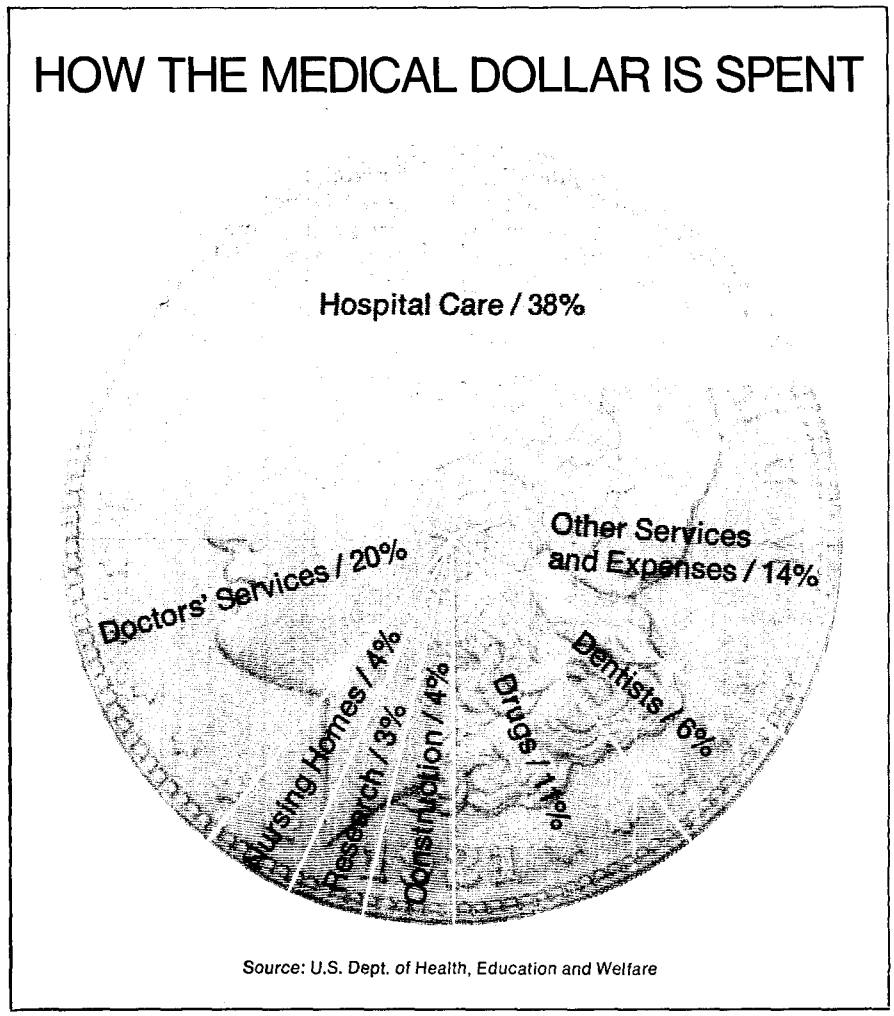
The individual patient wants personal, continuous, and comprehensive care of high quality, and at a reasonable cost. Interestingly, this is exactly what the physician would like his patient to have. Both have failed partially for reasons not always under their control. The inexorable expansion of science and technology has resulted in necessary specialization with attendant discontinuity of care, subdivision of labor, and increasing costs. What used to be a one patient-one doctor relationship is now one patient to one doctor to another doctor to fifteen to twenty people standing behind each doctor in the hospital and in other institutions related to health, and the overworked doctor doesn't like the situation any better than do his patients.

The American doctor continues to enjoy one of the highest and most respected positions in society, and well he should. We doctors *do* have much to offer to improve the quality of people's lives. But we *are* conservative and we don't want change, and we don't want to face certain facts.

We have failed miserably to meet the public demand for cost controls and comprehensive health insurance, high and uniform quality of services, and equality of access to our services. We have created manpower shortages at all levels of the health field. We have favored the producers of health services—hospitals, doctors, and drug companies—over the consumers of such services.

Our acute, curative, scientific, and technical service is unexcelled anywhere in the world. Our preventive and rehabilitative services and our extended care and nursing home facilities are dismal. In other words, high-cost medicine is the best, while low-cost services and those with high benefit-to-cost advantages remain grossly underdeveloped. We have arrived at an "either-or" situation—either we produce or Big Government will muddle in with all its bureaucratic inefficiency and unresponsiveness—and we can look forward to a loss of pluralism, longer coffee breaks, an erosion of individual initiative, and decaying institutions. (Before you write the editor, take a tour through your municipal, state, and federal hospitals.) I run a voluntary hospital with 6,000 noncivil service, nonunion employees and 350 private practitioners, and I will pit them against any system of medical care anywhere by any measure—cost, quality, concern, you name it.

We have met the enemy and it is us. Our official organization, the AMA—and I still have my union card—has


HOW THE MEDICAL DOLLAR IS SPENT
Hospital Care / 38%
Other Services and Expenses / 14%
Doctors' Services / 20%
Dentists / 6%
Drugs / 11%
Construction / 4%
Research / 3%
Nursing Homes / 4%
Source: U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare

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—*Wide World*

Former President Truman joins President Johnson at signing of Medicare bill—"the last great defeat suffered by the AMA."

resisted every major social change in medicine over the past fifty years. It is an incredible track record.

At the turn of the century, the AMA stood at the forefront of progressive thinking and socially responsible action. Its members had been leaders in forming much-needed public health departments in the States during the last half of the nineteenth century. It formed a Council on Medical Education in 1904 and immediately began an investigation of proprietary medical schools. Because of its success in exposing intolerable conditions in these schools, the Carnegie Foundation, at the AMA's request, commissioned Abraham Flexner to study the national scene. His report in 1910 drove proprietary interests out of medical education, established it as a full university function with standards for admission, curriculum development, and clinical teaching. Our present system of medical education, essentially unchanged since the Flexner (and AMA) revolution—and acknowledging its current defects—was accomplished through the work of the AMA. Surely this contribution was and is one of its finest in the public interest.

The AMA also tirelessly fought quacks and nostrum producers, supported development of the Pure Food and Drug Act (1906) and the Children's Bureau (1912), and was even in the vanguard of the movement to structure a stronger federal role in health. In 1916, the *Journal* of the AMA stated that voluntary insurance did not reach those who needed it most and implicitly supported compulsory insurance on the European model. AMA officials generally agreed on the need for compulsory health insurance. But medical faculty members had begun an exodus from the ranks of organized medicine while grassroots practitioners became increasingly active. And by 1920 the AMA House of Delegates repudiated its president and set AMA policy—unchanged to this day—against any and all forms of compulsory health insurance. The recommendations of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care in 1932, chaired by Ray Lyman Wilbur—a past president of the AMA, president of Stanford University, and Secretary of the Interior under Herbert Hoover—were similarly put down, including the recommendation that group practices be organized around hospitals.

Starting in 1921, the AMA began its regular opposition to federal health programs as it fought the Shepard-Towner Act, which provided grants to the states for maternal and child-health programs. It successfully forced President Roosevelt and his advisers away from the inclusion of health insurance in the Social Security Act of 1935. Although it had initially opposed voluntary health insurance, it finally accepted its inevitability and set about to gain complete professional control of its development. Indeed, today the Blue Shield program is largely under the professional control of state and county medical societies.

The major issue besetting the AMA over the past fifty years has been the struggle for the absolute power of self-determination. That is, the autonomy to decide what is best for the profession and what is best for the public, without "outside" interference. Looked at narrowly, the battle pits conservatives against liberals; self-reliant individualists against paternalistic socialists; creative artists against power-hungry bureaucrats. Looked at more broadly, it represents the fears of a proud profession steadily losing power and territory to "others" in the health field. Narrowly, this has been characterized as a battle for money and economic security; more broadly, as a loss of freedom and a reaction to the interposition of outside forces between a doctor and his patient, much as a father resents the interposition of anyone or anything between him and his sons.

The current scene finds the AMA at a rather hostile arm's length from hospitals, medical schools, and the federal government and their respective organizations—the American Hospital Association, the Association of American Medical Colleges, and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—to say nothing of the American Nurses Association and the American Public Health Association. The AMA came together briefly with the Association of American Medical Colleges in

—*Wide World*

Demonstration at 1970 AMA annual meeting—AMA opposition to a program now seems to mean "there must be something good in it for the people."

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1968 to state publicly that there was indeed a critical shortage of physicians —something the AMA had denied steadfastly while lobbying since 1930 against attempts to increase output. But the organization's relationship with these other major national forces in the health field remains cool, to say the least. The situation has degenerated to the point where AMA opposition to any program relating to the nation's health means there must be something good in it for the people. The last great defeat suffered by the AMA was the passage of Medicare in 1965.

Now, with a Republican administration, the AMA can look foward to a breather—such as the one it enjoyed during the Eisenhower "Era of Tranquillity"—relatively free of further governmental encroachment. I believe the AMA can use this breather to demonstrate that it can and will move to solve obvious social problems in medicine. It is the AMA's last chance—and, broadly, the last chance for the private sector—to show why further governmental intervention is not needed. The floodgates will be opened shortly, and a tidal wave of health problems will surge forward, demanding solution. If organized medicine maintains its intransigent posture of negative vigilance, then I fear destructive confrontation with an angry public and, ultimately, the complete socialization of medicine in America.

I agree that the private sector exercising the initiative of free citizens *can* provide the best solution to regional social issues—but the question remains, will it? My fervent plea is that the AMA seize the opportunity for leadership. Beefing up its public relations department to buy a better image, or spending as much on regressive lobbying as it did against Medicare (nearly $1-million in the first quarter of 1965, a record for any lobby) will not carry the day. Only action will.

Internally, I believe, the AMA House of Delegates should be elected by popular vote of the membership in each state. Now the approximately 2,000 county medical societies elect their representatives to the state societies, and they generally rubber-stamp a nominating committee's recommendations for AMA delegates. Until 1913 Senators were elected to Congress by state legislatures; then the Seventeenth Amendment enhanced the democratic process and handed over the choice to the people. The same should be true for the AMA. In conjunction with this change, I would hope for an expansion of AMA membership from its present 70 per cent of the total number of physicians in the United States to more than 90 per cent. I believe the new generation plus many older physicians want change but never have been able to accomplish it from within, and so have let the AMA go its way.

The Board of Trustees should be required to review each annual budget with the membership, with final approval given by the House of Delegates. Money to be spent on lobbying activity should be closely scrutinized and the present silken-hand instructions to AMPAC—the American Medical Political Action Committee, the political arm of the AMA—reviewed for approval. Neither budget nor lobbying activity now is reviewed by the membership.

Externally, a rapprochement with other interests in the health field is sorely needed—and all sides will have to bend. If some of the political and economic power of the AMA could be used on behalf of other crucial organizations, the public good would profit enormously. Continually criticizing them and lobbying against their interests serves no one. As much as the physician wants to preserve his autonomy and self-determination, he must surrender some of his authority and work with others. Perhaps the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare might meet regularly with the administrative heads and elected officials of the major professional health care organizations. The ultimate aim is to stimulate the private sector to solve problems and bring about productive articulation of public and private interests. Direct communication and sharing of problems, in my experience, has always resulted in rational solutions.

Resolution of the mammoth problems besetting the health field demands a holistic, multidisciplinary approach. For example, solving the issues of cost, quality, and equality of access demands fundamental changes in public and private financing mechanisms, public education, manpower supply and use, regional planning, and medical education. The "system" must be changed from the present last-line-of-defense, acute-care, essentially passive approach to one that stresses preventive and rehabilitative services: early detection of disease and keeping people out of hospitals through health education and financial incentives for the producers. At the same time, medicine should be at the forefront on larger issues affecting public health, such as population and pollution control.

The AMA should support compulsory, prepaid health insurance for *all* Americans. It should support standards and quality controls. It should actively stimulate pluralism in medical practice—physicians should be encouraged to join comprehensive, pre-

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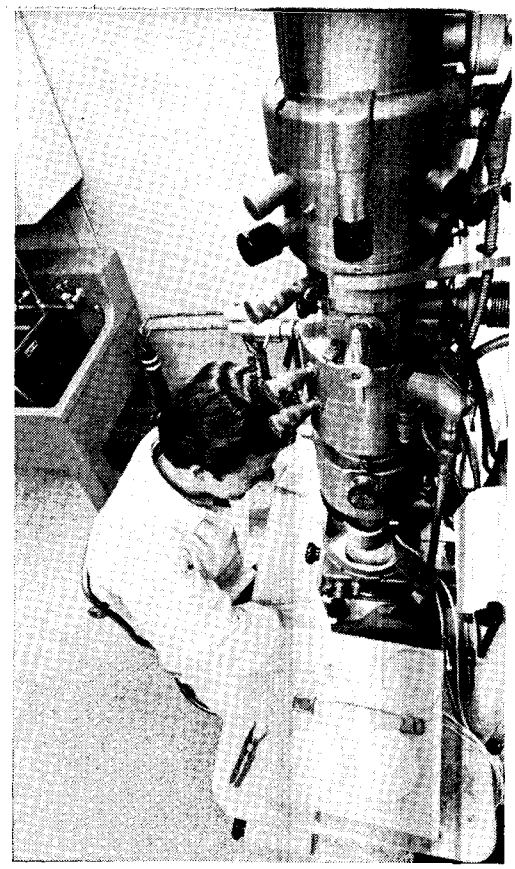

—Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions

Researcher (above), family planning clinic (below)— "Medicine should be at the forefront on the larger issues affecting public health."

—NYC Department of Health

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SOLVING THE DOCTOR SHORTAGE

—Wide World

Tilden, Illinois—"The demand for medical care clearly exceeds the ability of physicians in practice to provide it."

by CARL M. COBB

The physician is the central figure in American medicine, a role magnified by the near absence of a consumer or governmental voice in the health policy of this country. The doctor is the key factor in the cost of care, for he determines his patient's treatment, its duration, where it will be given, what drugs will be used, and what consulting services will be utilized. As an individual making a free choice and through groups such as specialty boards and medical school faculties, he also has been the determinant of how many specialists and of what kind our medical system will produce.

One result has been that neurosurgeons, thoracic surgeons, and even general surgeons have been produced in numbers all out of proportion to national need, while the general practitioner has all but disappeared. A poll of graduating seniors at the three medical schools in Boston in 1968 failed to turn up one student with the intention of entering general practice.

Another result has been geographic maldistribution along three lines: large city versus rural area, suburb versus core city, and medical center teaching hospital versus small clinic. Every major city has its statistics about the ghetto in which the ratio of doctors is one to a population of 20,000 or 30,000, and most of those in practice are at or beyond retirement age or are graduates of long since defunct medical diploma mills. The plight of poor rural areas of the nation tells a similar story.

The demand for medical care clearly exceeds the ability of physicians in practice to provide it. In its simplest terms, this is called a doctor shortage, and the nation is indeed short of physicians engaged in delivery of health care. Of some 318,000 living Americans with an M.D. after their names, only some 203,000 actually are treating patients. Others are retired, in training, in administrative posts, in full-time teaching or research, or in positions not involved with the dispensing of medical care. Further, as noted elsewhere in these pages, the full extent of the demand for medical care is just beginning to emerge.

The most direct solution would seem to be to train a batch of doctors adequate to meet the demand. If, as national policy, every medical school doubled the size of its freshman class, after eight years—four for attendance in medical school, one as an intern, and three in residency training—there would be 16,000 new doctors instead of the present 8,000 per year. Since current patterns indicate 25 per cent would choose not to be directly involved in patient care, this would be an increase of slightly over 6,000 practicing physicians. Thus, 18,000 practicing physicians could be added by 1980, and 78,000 additional doctors would be available by 1990.

Unfortunately, immediate doubling of the size of every U.S. medical school is a hopelessly unrealistic goal. The necessary teaching manpower is lacking; many experts say laboratory space necessary to double the first two years' class sizes is not available; and many schools are in such precarious financial straits that an additional load might sink them. Of some $11,000 per year required to educate a medical student, the student pays only some

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$1,200 in tuition and fees (on a national average); the rest must be made up from other sources. This is not to say that medical schools should not be expanded, or that new financing mechanisms should not be developed. However, a realistic goal of an immediate 10 per cent increase in medical school enrollment would add only 7,800 extra physicians to the national pool by 1990.

The obvious alternative to more physicians is greater productivity from existing doctors. Doubling the output of practicing doctors would have the same impact as doubling the number in practice. But increasing physician productivity is not simply a matter of longer hours. Many practicing doctors are already working sixty- to eighty-hour weeks and are giving up weekends and vacations to meet the demands for their attention.

The inefficiencies and waste of solo practice are well documented. Group practice is hardly a revolutionary step forward, but a well-organized group practice with physicians of different specialties, and in sufficient numbers to fill in for each other, can provide more care for more patients than the same number in solo practice. This is especially true if the group is willing to use its size to hire non-physician manpower as part of the practice. A good example is the Kaiser-Permanente prepaid group practice plan in California. Founded during World War II for his employees by Henry Kaiser, the plan now has nearly two million members. By emphasizing ambulatory and preventive care in the context of a group practice, the plan has been able to reduce the days of hospitalization for its members by nearly half. After years of opposition, the American Medical Association is now willing to tolerate group practice, while vigorously defending the physician's right to practice in whatever inefficient manner he chooses, most notably solo practice.

Increased productivity also requires delegating selected tasks to persons with briefer, less expensive training. A notable current example of this is military medicine. The range of tasks performed by corpsmen, nurses, and technicians is indeed remarkable. At one extreme is the medical corpsman trained to work with Special Forces teams. He is expected to cope with medical situations ranging up through appendectomies, on the assumption that no physician will be available. In noncombat zones and peacetime situations, the corpsman is the backbone of sick call and the practitioner of a wide range of routine procedures. With no adverse effects many a man has had his superficial laceration stitched by a corpsman. Military medicine has its shortcomings, and civilians would not be satisfied with it on a regular basis, but it does have valuable lessons to offer.

Programs attempting to adapt the skills of the military corpsman to civilian practice are under way on a limited basis. One, launched by Dr. Richard Smith, associate professor of preventive medicine at the University of Washington, is called Medex. In cooperation with the Washington State Medical Society, a class of fifteen former military corpsmen was enrolled in a three-month training program and is now in a one-year apprenticeship with rural physicians. The intention is that each rural doctor will hire his Medex student at the completion of the apprenticeship period.

"These fellows are treating, under our general supervision, children's upper respiratory infections, lacerations, and moderate traumas, and replacing one of us in surgery where normally two doctors are needed," says Dr. Richard Bunch of Othello, Washington, one general practitioner participating in Medex. "When they've finished their break-in period with us, I estimate we'll each be able to take care of twenty additional patients per day."

Some 30,000 medical corpsmen are discharged from the military every year, each with roughly $25,000 worth of training in medical skills. If only half of these were trained to participate in the delivery of civilian medicine, and each were to add twenty patients per day to the physician's service load, the results would be impressive. At the end of five years, 75,000 corpsmen practicing with physicians would permit them to see an additional 7.5 million patients every week. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is apparently favorably impressed with the potential of the Medex program. At a time of tight money and before the first class completed its training, HEW announced funding for similar programs at Dartmouth, University of North Dakota, and University of California at Los Angeles medical schools, and expansion of the University of Washington program into Alaska.

A similar philosophy underlies an experiment started in 1965 by Dr. Eugene Stead at the Duke University Medical Center. There, in a twenty-four-month program, civilians with some college education are trained to assume many routine duties of the practicing physician. Wherever they work, the physician assistants (twenty-nine have been graduated thus far) will make a contribution, but few are engaged with physicians in the delivery of primary ambulatory care.

Delegation of selected tasks is fundamental to the nurse midwife programs springing up across the nation. Of the deliveries at most municipal and county hospitals, 5 to 10 per cent have received little or no prenatal care. In many rural areas, the very poor and the black are routinely delivered by "granny midwives" who have had no training. If obstetricians and gynecologists continue to organize and practice as they now do, there will not be enough of them by 1976. Many services currently performed by a physician can be adequately provided by a nurse midwife, including routine prenatal care, supervision during labor, post partum care, and family and premarital counseling.

Johns Hopkins launched a midwife training program in Baltimore in 1961. Designed for girls holding baccalaureate degrees who are R.N.s, the course lasted nine months. By 1969, eighty nurses had received this training. Then in 1969 the program was redesigned into a two-year course leading to a master's in public health. Spokesmen for the new program make it clear they do not anticipate that graduates will be involved in direct patient care. However, other programs are clearly aimed at producing nurse midwives to participate directly in patient care. These include a nine-month program at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, and one-year programs at the University of Mississippi and in Hyden, Kentucky, as part of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Similarly, in pediatrics, the pediatric nurse practitioner can perform many

—NYC Department of Health

Nurse midwife at Fordham hospital — "Increased productivity also requires delegating selected tasks."

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tasks now carried out by the physician. Half the children in families with incomes under $2,500 a year have received no protection against polio, and there is a great list of confirmed medical needs among children in Head Start programs. Well baby care, inoculations, camp physicals, screening tests for hearing and vision, and routine home visits are all within the capability of a properly trained pediatric assistant.

Effective use of non-M.D. personnel is not the only way to increase physician productivity. There also is growing reason to believe that a variety of mechanical devices could help the doctor care for more patients. In Washington, D.C., a computer is now being used to interpret the electrocardiograms of patients at the Hartford Hospital in Connecticut. Computers are being used in automated history-taking, where questions are flashed on a screen and answered yes/no, and answers are correlated. Development of this approach is proceeding at several centers, including the University of Wisconsin and the Lahey Clinic in Boston.

—Massachusetts General Hospital

Diagnosis by television—"contributes expert consultation to patients never before within reach of such services."

Another potential contribution of the computer is in diagnosis. Here the physician feeds into the computer information about a patient's symptoms and laboratory results. The computer then provides the physician with the statistical probability of various disease entities. Research on such computer-aided diagnosis is under way at the University of Utah Medical School and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Closed-circuit TV also may make a contribution by bringing expert consultation to patients never before within reach of such services. A pilot program at Dartmouth Medical School uses closed-circuit TV to make psychiatric consultations available to rural physicians and their patients, and Massachusetts General Hospital is using this technique to link a first-aid station at Logan International Airport with the base hospital, where a wide range of specialists are available for immediate consultation.

If the physician assistant, nurse midwife, pediatric assistant, computer, TV camera, and a host of other machines and people can be employed to increase the efficiency of physicians, why is so little being done to employ them? This brings us back to the physician, the central figure in medical care. The physician assistant must find a doctor willing to use his talents; the nurse midwife, an obstetrician willing to employ her. The computer with no one willing to use it has zero impact.

The nation's physicians must be willing to acknowledge that there is a problem. They must recognize that there are potential solutions other than more doctors. Yet, the attitude of even some of the most distinguished members of the medical profession has been, on the whole, negative.

Physicians acquire attitudes about the use of manpower and technology during their medical education. Their expectations about medical practice are molded during the seven- to ten-year period of medical school and training as an intern, resident, and fellow. If the attitudes and expectations of physicians are to be changed, this entire sequence must be examined and altered.

Medical education begins with selection of students. Here the traditions are well understood and have been very effective in providing carbon copies of the previous generation of doctors. Studies of medical school freshmen document the overwhelming predominance of white, male, upper- or upper middle-class students. Every medical school admits women, usually at the rate of 10 to 12 per cent of enrollment, and for decades enrollment of blacks (excluding foreign nationals) has hovered around 1 per cent. Today this is up to 10 or in a few instances 20 per cent of the entering classes. But there is some reason to believe that in 1969-1970 the nation's 101 medical schools admitted only 184 more black freshmen than were admitted the previous year by ninety-nine medical schools. Most doctors prefer to practice with and on those from their own socio-economic background. As a result many doctors are not comfortable in rural or ghetto settings, regardless of the financial rewards.

The educational system's models are professors who impart not only factual knowledge but ethics, attitudes, and values. If, as is usually the case, these distinguished and revered men are specialists or subspecialists, it is not strange that their value system is imparted to the students. If promotion, peer approval, and prestige in academic medicine come from research and publication and not from patient care, it is only natural that the students should be drawn into research and the "publish or perish" syndrome.

Medical education is loaded with cues, subtle and overt, that help the student become a physician in the mold of his teachers and the previous generation. Harvard Medical School, for example, has no required course or rotation that teaches the student about private practice, group practice, community or rural clinic practice. It is argued that all of these experiences are available on an elective basis in a variety of settings, and that there is increasing free time in the curriculum to pursue such interests. Here is one of the less subtle cues. Group practice, rural practice, and similar concerns are appropriate as free-time electives if the student happens to be interested.

The second major component of medical education is the maze known as internship and residency training. It is not an educational experience in the usual sense, but rather a mélange of apprenticeship, cheap labor, and tradition. Perhaps the single most important theme of this training is that it occurs in the hospital. Students become convinced the real challenge in medicine is identifying and curing the one case in a hundred thousand, or doing the procedure so complex it requires a fleet of assistants, diagnostic tests, and/or equipment. Hence, the student comes to "understand" that the only good work is performed at hospitals actively affiliated with medical schools.

Another more subtle form of brainwashing occurs in this training. Exposure is primarily to specialists and subspecialists, not to first-class family doctors. These big, shiny referral centers get the unsolved problems, the botched jobs, the missed diagnoses; they do not see the good results of other kinds of medicine. It is not sur-

(*Continued on page* 64)

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THE CASE FOR NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE

by RASHI FEIN

Foreign observers visiting the United States to examine the method of payment for medical services would find it difficult to conduct their inquiry. They would discover that in health, as in a variety of other fields, answers they receive to questions would depend on where and of whom the questions were asked. Some individuals pay or purchase insurance for medical care out of their own incomes. Various levels of government pay for some kinds of care for some people. Private charity provides certain services to certain groups. Not only do different sources pay for medical expenses for different persons, but multiple sources often pay for different parts of the care for an individual and family. Eligibility for payment by the various systems depends on the person's age, income, health condition, and on standards set by different levels of government, place of residence, and sundry other variables.

Only a discreet and diplomatic observer would say the situation is confused. A less tactful person might simply say, "It is a mess." He would be correct.

In general, the medical care delivery and payment system is based on a philosophy that medical care is a private matter: Providers of care have the right to select the individuals to whom they render care, and the consumer has the responsibility to pay for the care he seeks. Government is only a "court of last resort." It intervenes when help is sorely needed and, generally, only when the normal market has demonstrated its inadequacy. In recent years, such help has become increasingly necessary, as evidenced by two major medical care financing programs: Medicare and Medicaid. Yet, even Medicare and Medicaid can hardly be considered adequate to meet the payment needs of the population they serve, let alone of all those who need help.

In earlier years, there were many who felt that the payment for services problem could be solved by voluntary health insurance. They drew an analogy to fire or theft insurance, which protects the individual against a high-cost catastrophe with a very low probability of occurrence. Thus, if all individuals contributed small amounts, protection would be available for the few who were hit by a disaster not of their own making. Health insurance, however, turned out to be different. The probabilities were not so low (and for, say, physicians' visits, were quite high); some events against which protection was sought did not have catastrophic monetary consequences (again physicians' visits, for example); and utilization of services and therefore of coverage was controlled to some extent by the individual and to a large extent by the provider, making the probabilities in part dependent on whether the individual had coverage. Consequently, voluntary health insurance came to look more and more like a budgeting system for health expenditures rather than insurance.

Nevertheless voluntary health insurance is an important mechanism for payment for medical services. At the end of 1968, 77 per cent of the civilian population had some protection against hospital costs; 75 per cent were to some extent protected against surgical costs; and 65 per cent had some coverage of in-hospital physician visits. Only 43 per cent, however, had some protection against the costs of physician office and home visits. Moreover, although almost 88 per cent of the $12.9-billion paid by Americans to private health insurance organizations in 1968 was paid out in claims or benefits, private insurance met only 36 per cent of total consumer expenditures and only 23 per cent of national (including government) expenditures for personal health care. Despite failure to provide comprehensive coverage for all types of services, this limited protection was expensive, especially for families with modest incomes.

The problem of financing insurance coverage is becoming more severe. Although family income in the United States has been rising, medical care prices have been increasing even more rapidly, and more and more families are finding it difficult to pay for insurance. Further, many individuals who need financial protection are viewed as "uninsurable," since their medical conditions make high expenditures predictable. Inclusion of "high-risk" persons with other subscribers means higher premiums; excluding them leaves those who are most vulnerable to fend for themselves.

The aged, for example, use many more health services than does the younger population. Therefore, commercial insurers developed premium structures for population groups that did not include the aged. This, in turn, led to a siphoning-off of persons likely to have the most favorable experience, and left those with likely unfavorable experience in a weak position. Blue Cross programs that had begun with "community rating" (everyone in a community paid the same rate) lost subscribers who could obtain lower rates from carriers that did not cover the old. As a higher and higher proportion of Blue Cross subscribers became persons likely to have an unfavorable experience, premiums rose. In the absence of a social insurance philosophy that requires compulsory

—*Wide World*

Free dental care in Sweden—"We commit resources to increasing supply only . . . when the public has been frustrated in its ability to find services promised."

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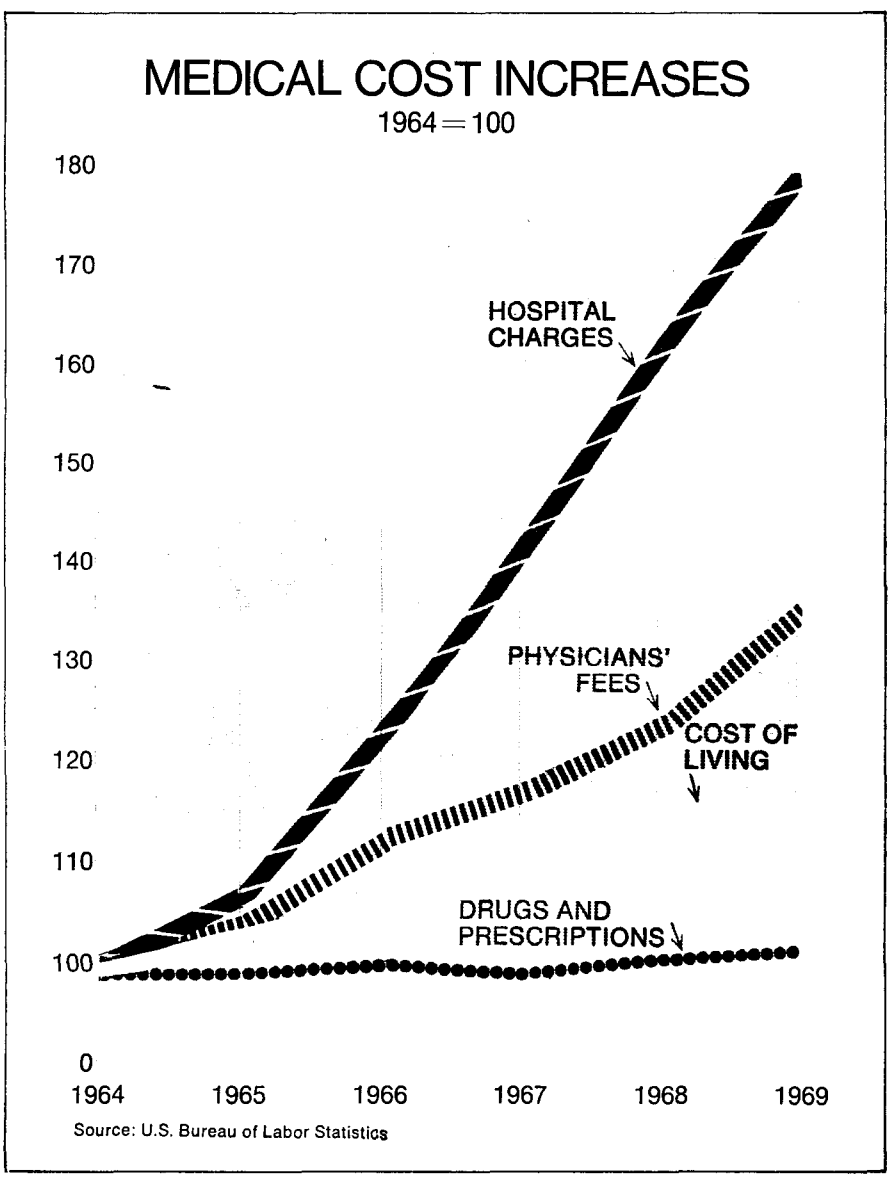
coverage, this situation creates havoc.

The remaining difficulty with voluntary private insurance is that, as structured, it offers little incentive toward economy and efficiency in provision of health services, or toward substitution of less expensive services for more expensive ones. In medical care, a field controlled by professionals and one in which the consumer often lacks knowledge, private health insurers have tended to be nothing more than bill payers. They have watched prices rise, but have done little to exert leverage on behalf of subscribers. Furthermore, insurance has provided built-in incentives for use of high-cost hospital services rather than ambulatory services. Given the traditions of the voluntary private health insurance sector, it is doubtful that it could be a force toward rationalization of the health care system. Voluntary private insurance cannot be considered as the vehicle for financing medical care for the American people.

For these and other reasons, legislation has been introduced to create a system of national health insurance. Other industrialized Western countries, including West Germany, Great Britain, and Sweden, already have such a system. However, wide differences of opinion exist as to the essential characteristics national health insurance should have. How should government raise the money required? Should the system be voluntary or compulsory? What services should be covered? What should be the role of the private insurance sector? How should providers of services be paid? Most importantly, should national health insurance represent only a funding mechanism, or should it be considered a force for change in the health delivery system itself?

A number of financing mechanisms are possible. One approach would make funds available from general revenues, which are derived in large measure from the progressive personal income tax. This approach, which thus far has limited political support, would reflect the existing income tax structure. Persons with more income would pay more; those with less would pay less (and a lower percentage of their income). In determining the tax due, account would be taken—as it is now in calculation of the personal income tax—of size of family and other considerations.



Desirable as it is, a comprehensive national health insurance program would be costly. Unless tax rates were increased, health insurance could be financed only by cutting other programs and by allocating to it major portions of available tax "dividends" from economic growth and the end of the war. Whether the American public is prepared for a tax increase—even if that increase provides for essentially free health care—is not clear. In my view, it is clear that without such an increase social priorities would be violated.

The provision of free medical care at the expense of housing, education, and antipoverty programs would represent a misallocation of resources. After all, many Americans can and do pay for part of their medical care out of income. To provide care without an increase in taxes would increase income available for nonmedical expenditures in the private sector and reduce revenues available for social programs in the government sector. Such a policy would fail to meet the country's needs. We should have a national health insurance program that pays through government for the costs of care; it is not desirable, however, that we be relieved of private health expenditures by cutting other socially useful programs.

A second approach to financing the program is through Social Security, a system through which Medicare (Part A, Hospital Insurance) is now financed. In this approach Social Security taxes would be increased to pay for all or part of the services consumed. Given national priorities, an increase in tax revenues should be viewed as desirable. But traditionally the Social Security system involves employee and employer contributions based on wages of the employee up to a maximum wage level, without taking account of family size or other obligations. Thus, the family earning $7,800 (the present wage base) is taxed the same amount as is the single individual earning $7,800 or $78,000 or $780,000. The tax, therefore, does not adequately reflect ability to pay.

Successive declines in personal income tax rates coupled with increases in Social Security rates represent an unfortunate shift in American tax policy. I see little reason to foster this development by financing a new—and

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expensive — national health program through this type of wage tax. We could, however, have a much higher wage base and contributions from general revenues as well as from employer and employee, approaches that are supported by Michigan Congresswoman Martha Griffiths and the Committee for National Health Insurance originally organized by Walter Reuther. We could, and should, also consider Social Security tax rates that increase with income, and refunds to persons below certain income lines. It is possible to design a more equitable financing system even while exploiting the virtues and strengths of the existing Social Security system.

Finally, there is a tax credit approach. That is, assistance would be given in purchase of private insurance by an offset against taxes. The American Medical Association and others have argued for this system with two important features: The amount of credit against taxes due would decline as the tax due increases, and persons who would not benefit fully because their tax is too low would receive the difference between the credit and tax due. Such a program is not a particularly efficient approach, but in progressivity and equity it can be made similar to a general revenue, funding mechanism. Whether such a program is progressive enough and offers sufficient assistance depends on the rates selected.

An example of the importance of rates—though not in a tax credit context—can be seen in the administration's proposed replacement for Medicaid. The administration tentatively suggests that a family of four earning only $4,500 pay $220 toward the cost of a health insurance policy with a $500 market price—a policy that would not cover all medical costs. Families earning $5,620 would pay 25 per cent of their additional earnings (an additional $280 out of their extra income of $1,120) to cover the policy's full cost. Similar rates for a tax credit program would be insufficient and little more than a cruel hoax. Rates must offer more meaningful and equitable assistance.

Apart from progressivity, it is difficult to evaluate a tax credit program solely as a financing mechanism, since many who favor it have coupled it with proposals to minimize government involvement in standard-setting and regulation. The deficiency of an approach that minimizes the possibility of change in the health care delivery system should be apparent to all who are concerned with the size of the health care bill and whether we are getting our money's worth. A tax credit scheme need not freeze the delivery system, be private sector-oriented, nor be permissive in nature. Yet, many proponents have cast it in that manner. As a result, whatever one's views on tax credits in general, specific programs now offered—such as the AMA's—should be rejected as falling far short of national needs.

Consideration of alternative financing mechanisms requires discussion of questions of equity, efficiency of alternative administrative procedures, and possible impacts on other national programs. Such matters often are left to technicians and "experts." The issues, however, are not only technical. They involve ideology and values. All of us should be participants in these debates.

There also will be controversy about such matters as breadth of coverage and comprehensiveness of benefits. Here, experience with voluntary health insurance should remind us that it is important that the scope of coverage not distort the choice among medical care services. Hospital coverage without ambulatory care coverage, for example, may appear tempting as a way to save money. But it is predictable that it will lead people into hospitals even if they do not require hospitalization, and will add to the cost of care. We dare not distort the medical care system in this way.

Also, we must focus on total costs—both public and private—and not be tempted to exclude certain coverages or have high deductibles or co-insurance provisions to reduce the impact on the government budget. If these should reduce costs to government, they would increase costs that the individual would have to bear. Such provisions entail high administrative and bookkeeping costs, their impact on utilization is frequently insignificant, and to the extent that they have an impact it is greater on the poor and on preventive services. Furthermore, physicians, not patients, determine the utilization of those medical care services that are most costly: the number of days spent in the hospital, the number of laboratory tests performed. We need measures that have an impact on the physician's behavior; it is he who, in large measure, controls the situation.

Provision of health insurance coverage for all the population would bring substantial benefits to many persons. Such coverage, however, is not enough. In the absence of significant restructuring of the delivery system and of the method by which providers are paid, one can easily envision further escalation of costs, again demonstrating what we already know: that government cannot announce it will pay for services and permit providers to fill in a blank check. The absence of competition combined with traditions of the nonprofit sector strongly suggests the need to stimulate and reward efficiency and provide incentives for reorganization. We have learned this lesson with Medicare and Medicaid.

—*Hartford Hospital*

"If the system is unable to produce more services, shall we continue to ration the short supply on the basis of income and ability to pay?"

In many ways this part of the problem will be the most difficult to solve. The payment mechanism, even while meeting equity criteria, must recognize diversity in tastes, in geography, in population density, in health conditions. The tradition of American medicine is permissive, encouraging physicians to practice where they want, what they want, and for the people they want. Clearly, however, if national health insurance is to be fully meaningful, government must assume a responsibility for the health care of the population or delegate that responsibility to organizations such as medical schools, group practices, community hospitals, neighborhood health centers. It will have to make certain that resources are available and that the individual can find his way into the medical care system.

It is unlikely that we will legislate a changed system. Rather we will evolve

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John T. Winterich

Can Doctors Cause Disease?

A cardinal rule for physicians, ancient even in the time of Hippocrates, is *primum non nocere* (first: do no harm). This admonition is the traditional opening lesson in the education of medical students. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes would seldom give a medical lecture without making some reference to the harm caused by doctors who followed the homeopathic ideas of Samuel Hahnemann, an eighteenth-century German physician who advocated giving patients more of whatever poison was supposed to be troubling them, along with a wide range of bizarre, gizzard-wrenching purgatives. To Dr. Holmes, the wonder was not that some human beings treated in this fashion should recover but that any should survive.

More recently, one of America's most accomplished diagnosticians, the late Dr. Emanuel Libman, was asked by a medical student to summarize the reasons for his success. Dr. Libman had a simple answer. Patients who came to him were never content unless they left clutching a prescription—whether they needed it or not. "So I give it to them," he said. "But mark this well: I am always damned sure that if what I prescribe doesn't help, at least it isn't going to hurt."

This advice may be simple and it is certainly traditional; but it hasn't been sufficiently observed—not through the centuries of recorded medical history and not even in our time. For the standard ideas of what constitutes safe and essential treatment haven't always turned out to be in the human interest. It wasn't so long ago that the routine way of combating illness—all the way from abdominal distress to a head cold—was to draw off a patient's blood. Generally, the incision for the blood-letting was made as close to the site of the pain as possible.

George Washington died shortly after such a procedure. He was suffering from heavy chest congestion and a high fever. Even before the physician arrived, a servant set about extracting blood from the General's veins. When the doctor arrived, the blood-letting was intensified. Washington became increasingly weak. This was apparently regarded by the doctor as an indication that the blood was not being drawn off in sufficient volume or swiftly enough, for the process was accelerated. The medical report doesn't specify the exact quantity that was extracted, but it does say that three separate blood-lettings were undertaken, the first of which yielded more than a pint. The General not only did not benefit from these strenuous efforts but went into shock and died.

Today's physicians would have no difficulty in recognizing that the profuse loss of blood, quite apart from its enfeebling effect, had resulted in a fatal loss of oxygen to Washington's brain. What is significant here is not just that General Washington was the victim of poor treatment but that eminent men of medicine of his time didn't know any better. Even the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush extolled the supposed virtues of extensive blood-letting, according to Lester King's fascinating account of medical practice of that period.[1] Rush, said King, felt an almost "religious exaltation" for bleedings and purgings.

Behind Rush's theory was the notion that dangerous blood clotting was often the result of excessive rigidity in blood vessels that tended to produce a thickening of the blood. Drawing off blood, therefore, was supposed to keep the blood vessels supple, which in turn facilitated proper flow. This reasoning imposes just as much of a strain on logic as it does on medical knowledge today, but such at least was the theory at the time.

Today's doctors are appalled at the lethal ignorance represented by bloodletting and drastic purging, just as Dr. Rush and his colleagues were appalled by the medical practices of a century or more earlier—and just as medical men a century from now will no doubt be appalled by much of what appears today to be enlightened medical practice and procedure. Indeed, responsible leaders within the medical profession itself today are expressing growing concern over the quality of health care. A term that appears with increasing frequency in current medical literature is "iatrogenic" illness—that is, illness caused by physicians in the act of treating their patients.

The Journal of the American Medical Association, The New England Journal of Medicine, and *The American Journal of Surgery* are only a few of the professional journals that have been publishing articles with increasing frequency on iatrogenic problems. A recent example of iatrogenic illness is the woman who was given potassium pills by her doctor. The pills had a protective coating, enabling them to resist the digestive acids of the stomach and dissolve in the lower intestine. Instead of dissolving properly, however, the pills lodged in the pleats of the intestines, where they caused severely painful symptoms. The correct diagnosis was not made until after three surgical operations in which the appendix and the gall bladder were mistakenly removed. Apart from the expense, which ran close to $50,000, the woman was hospitalized for almost five months before the correct correlation was made between the potassium pills and her abdominal symptoms. How many surgical operations in other cases have been performed because of these potassium pills no one knows.

Few medicines have produced as many iatrogenic illnesses as antibiotics; current medical literature is replete with examples of side effects that

[1] *The Medical World of the Eighteenth Century,* Lester S. King, M.D., University of Chicago Press, 1958.

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are often more serious or severe than the illnesses the antibiotics were supposed to combat. Cases have been recorded in which antibiotics have depressed the bone marrow, leading to anemia. Obviously, there are times when the physician has no choice except to use antibiotics. In the case of a child suffering from a serious infection of the inner ear, it would be unnecessarily hazardous *not* to administer antibiotics. But it is also true that antibiotics are prescribed in many cases when they are not absolutely indicated. In fairness to the physician, however, it should be pointed out that many patients do not feel they are being properly treated unless the doctor gives them antibiotics.

That is why it is so important for the public to be educated in the limitations and dangers of antibiotics. Perhaps more information about these drugs would make people a little more hesitant to put pressure on their doctors to prescribe antibiotics for everything from a sniffle to gastritis.

The most significant fact for people to understand about antibiotics is that their use has led to new strains of micro-organisms that are resistant to such drugs. The manufacturers have responded by producing ever more powerful antibiotics. This in turn has bred even more resistant bacteria. If the present race continues, it is by no means inconceivable that a super-strain of micro-organisms could give rise to an epidemic of grave proportions.

Another fact on which the public needs education has to do with the dangerous chain reaction that can be touched off by antibiotics. Not long ago, a prominent public figure, complaining of flu-like symptoms, was given high dosages of antibiotics. Some months later, he developed anemia. Tests revealed his bone marrow had been depressed. His platelet count had dropped sharply. The patient was hospitalized and put on blood transfusions. One or more of the transfusions carried a viral form of serum hepatitis, a protracted and debilitating affair. This disease is serious enough under any circumstances. Under conditions of anemia, the liver is especially vulnerable. In defense of the doctor who treated the public official, it may be said that his initial use of the antibiotics may have prevented pneumonia. This may well be true. Even so, legitimate questions may be raised about the particular antibiotic, the amount of the dosage, and the length of time over which it was administered.

An even more dramatic example of unwise pressure by patients on doctors has to do with tranquilizers and amphetamines. These drugs, as is well known, generally act in opposite directions. The first slows down a person's reactions and emotional responses; the second speeds them up. Both drugs have a tendency to upset the body's vital balances—what the eminent Dr. Walter Cannon termed "homeostasis." Tranquilizers in large and persistent dosages can create tremors and other Parkinson's disease-type symptoms. Amphetamines can unhinge a person's mental equilibrium and create a serious psychotic condition. Most doctors are far more cautious about prescribing these drugs than they were only a few years ago. Even so, it is not unusual to find people who are on a crash reducing program in which prescribed amphetamines play a major role, and who also take tranquilizers on a regular basis for purposes of relaxation.

Butazoladine is now popularly regarded as a wonder drug because of its pain-killing properties. What the news stories do not say is that the drug may reduce or kill the pain without necessarily getting at the reason for the pain. Pain is nature's way of compelling respect for injury or illness. Pain, properly identified, serves as the signal for appropriate therapeutic action. But the mere elimination of pain, without also attacking the cause, may lead to serious damage.

An even greater danger represented by butazoladine is that, like antibiotics, it can depress the bone marrow. The manufacturers call attention to this fact in the literature about the drug. Some doctors, however, have failed to follow up with a blood count on patients who have been given the drug on a long-term basis; early warning symptoms have thus been missed.

Ability of individuals to take drugs varies widely. Some people cannot tolerate aspirin, even in small doses. Most people are adversely affected by aspirin in very high doses. Yet the public has the impression that aspirin can be taken in virtually unlimited quantities without adverse effect. This is a dangerous misconception. Aspirin's benevolent characteristics make it one of the most effective of modern medicines. It not only eases pain but, in cases of osteo-arthritis and rheumatic fever, it can reduce the inflammation that creates the pain. Even so, the drug is not without dangers. In large doses, it can damage the hearing or cause dangerous hemorrhages from the gastro-intestinal tract. Articles in the English medical press tell of cardiac difficulties caused by excessive use of the drug. Despite these facts, some of the nation's best hospitals do not hesitate to administer two dozen aspirin tablets a day to a patient over a period of weeks. There is no question about the fact that pain can be held in check with such high dosages; the relevant question, however, is whether grave dangers are being courted.

Problems such as these come under the heading of iatrogenic illness. Unnecessary surgery or faulty surgery also comes under this heading. Some striking examples are to be found in a comprehensive study undertaken by the School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine of Columbia University.[2] Co-directors of the report were Dr. Ray E. Trussell and Dr. Frank van Dyke. The report was primarily concerned with the efficacy of health plans. Substantial attention, however, was given to the quality of health care. It is in this latter connection that we read of a large number of surgical operations that were undertaken without sufficient cause.

The promiscuous nature of surgery has been a matter of severe concern within the medical profession itself in recent years. The Trussell report supplies hard facts to warrant this concern. One of the sections of the report has to do with hysterectomies (surgical removal of the womb). Of sixty cases investigated by the Trussell-van Dyke doctors, only thirty-five showed clear-cut evidence calling for such surgery. Most of the other cases, the report said, could have been adequately treated by dilatation and curettage. It seems apparent from the report that hysterectomies are replacing appendectomies and tonsillectomies as fashionable but not always vital operations.

An additional dimension is given the Trussell-van Dyke report by the statement of the late Dr. Paul R. Hawley, former director of the American College of Surgeons, that "one-half of the surgical operations in the United States are performed by doctors who are untrained or inadequately trained to undertake surgery."

It is a serious error to suppose that any surgical operation is an inconsequential matter. To begin with, any time a patient enters a hospital he runs a certain risk, whether from maltreatment by improperly (or even properly) trained personnel, or from infections caused by improper sterilization or handling of needles or other instruments, or from faulty sanitation, or from errors in filling prescriptions, or from overdoses of medication, or

[2] *Prepayment for Medical and Dental Care in New York State,* submitted by the School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine, Columbia University, 1962.

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from errors in the administration of anesthesia, or from surgery, or even from falling on wet floors.

Almost by definition, a hospital is a collection center for diseases, infectious or otherwise. There is scarcely a hospital in the country in which patients have not contracted staphylococcus infections on the premises. Until recently, even the most severe hospital-bred infections could be combated effectively with high-potency antibiotics. Because of the new resistant strains of micro-organisms, however, doctors can no longer feel as confident as they once did about the use of antibiotics in hospital situations—or in any situations, for that matter.

Many hospitals are so poorly staffed and coordinated these days that the patient is exposed to unnecessary discomfort and risk. At one of the most prestigious hospitals in New York City recently, a patient was visited five times in two days by nurses who extracted blood for different tests. There was no reason why the different requests for blood tests of the various specialists could not have been combined and one or two samples made to serve the required purposes.

To some extent, iatrogenic illnesses are directly related to the fact that there are too many patients and too few doctors, with the result that doctors are unable to provide the kind of attention that good practice requires.

Martin Gross, who has written a severe but constructive book[3] on current medical practice, quotes Dr. Milton Helpern, former president of the Medical Society of New York County, on the doctor as "businessman." Dr. Helpern deplored the tendency of many physicians not just to overemphasize their income but to insist on maintaining regular hours. Evenings, weekends, and vacations often find them incommunicado. "It has become hazardous," Dr. Helpern commented, "to develop a serious illness over a weekend or a holiday —or even at night."

Meanwhile, according to professional surveys, the traffic has been built up to the point where many doctors have a daily case load of forty to fifty patients. Even if this number is averaged against a ten-hour day, it leaves about twelve minutes per patient. It may be said that the face-to-face time a doctor spends with a patient is not a matter of great consequence in view of all the diagnostic aids and assistants available to him. This is not sound comment. The time spent directly with a patient is *not* an inconsequential matter. The great Canadian physician-philosopher Sir William Osler declared that nothing a doctor can do is more essential to an accurate diagnosis and the welfare of his patient than providing ample time to hear him out. The modern practitioner, however, surrounded by electronic devices and laboratory tests, tends to become impatient with a patient's recital of his multiple symptoms and can hardly wait to get on with a blood count, sedimentation rate, electrocardiogram, or sundry other tests. Meanwhile, the key to the case may be submerged somewhere in the oral account, however rambling or disconnected.

It is an error to believe that the various diagnostic aids and procedures employed by the modern practitioner are completely free of error. Nor are they free of risk. Until very recently, some doctors used fluoroscopy as part of a regular examination. An X-ray or fluoroscope machine is not a device with a superior light for penetrating objects but an emitter of radioactive bullets that tear their way through human cells in order to register their presence on a sensitive plate. A fluoroscopic examination is far more hazardous than a few X-ray exposures, since it is a continuous emitter, much as the motion-picture camera records a succession of still photographs. Standard practice requires snap-stop operation of fluoroscope machines to prevent dangerous exposures. Even so, the total amount of radiation delivered during an average fluoroscopy is many times greater than that of a regular X-ray photograph. Yet, widespread and often indiscriminate use of fluoroscopes and X-ray machines persisted for almost a quarter-century—a clear and specific danger not just to patients but to the physicians themselves, for they frequently failed to use the protective aprons or worked with faulty machines that scattered the X-rays. Today, routine fluoroscopic examination is as rare as it was prevalent only a decade ago.

Sometimes, X-ray examination can create medical problems quite apart from the hazards of excessive roentgen exposure. The procedure for X-ray examination of the digestive tract requires the patient to drink barium fluid. Barium is a metallic substance that is readily illuminated under X-ray examination. Obviously, the barium has to be eliminated after the purposes of the examination are served. Cases have been reported, however, in which some barium was retained, producing intestinal blockage. One night not long ago, in Boston, a man of thirty-two was seized by fierce abdominal pains. He was taken to the hospital, where he underwent emergency surgery for suspected appendicitis. It developed there was nothing wrong with his appendix; the pain had been caused by barium, which had formed into a lead-like ball in the lower digestive tract. What had happened was that, several days earlier, the man had been given an X-ray examination involving barium fluid. For some reason, the cathartic in the fluid was inadequate and the barium had blocked off the lower colon.

Fortunately, there is an increasing disposition in many medical schools throughout the country to rethink the problems of "modern" medicine. The highly touted system of computerized medicine is being reconsidered. So is the tendency to make the patient's own story secondary to the battery of diagnostic tests. And there is increasing respect for the ability of the human body to prescribe for

itself and to repair itself, given reasonable peace, a good diet, and an environment free of tension.

The good doctor brings all his natural and trained intelligence to bear on these vital questions: When to intervene, when not to intervene, and to what precise extent? To what degree, in any given case, should he attempt to enhance or augment the natural drive of the human body to prescribe effectively for itself? What are the factors—however elusive or complex—of individual variability that have a bearing on a precise diagnosis? Every patient, in a sense, puts his own and unique stamp on his disease.

Finally, the good doctor is not only a scientist but a philosopher. He knows that the facts of medicine will continue to change and that, therefore, his professional training can never be an absolute guide to good practice. It is his philosophy of medicine that has to serve as the solid base of his practice. The doctor's respect for life, his special qualities of compassion and tenderness—even under the most devilish of circumstances—these are the vital ingredients of his art. To such a doctor, the most exotic diagnostic machines are not more important than the simple act of sitting at the bedside of a patient. In this sense, the ultimate art of the good doctor is to make good patients. He does this by making the patient a full partner in his recovery. Such a doctor is worth all the recognition and reward a society is capable of offering. —N. C.

[3]*The Doctors,* Martin Gross, Random House, New York, 1966.

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Letters to the Editor

East Palo Alto

UNLESS I AM way off the track, the important news from black communities today is the creative and exciting approaches that emerge when blacks are in control and are making the decisions. I was therefore thoroughly annoyed with Wallace Stegner's "East Palo Alto" under *SR*'s heading "Changes in the Black Ghetto" [Aug. 1]. It seemed full of the kind of slosh that whites have heard before and still like to hear. There is a far more important story to be heard from that community that does involve blacks coming together and exercising control and leadership.

The article was paternalistic in the author's assumption that he could write knowingly about East Palo Alto from his seat of white privilege west of the highway. Many people prefer "Nairobi" or "our black community," not the term ghetto. How could Mr. Stegner have overlooked the educational scene when the crucial issue in Nairobi—lack of opportunity in academic and relevant education—has been uppermost for twelve or more years?

Within the past three years an almost miraculous educational alternative has developed. Conceived, controlled, and administered by committed black community leaders and their staff, the private Nairobi system has proved without a doubt what every black parent has always known: "Our children can learn." After vain attempts to make sufficient changes in the existing public school system, these leaders set about to take care of business. Through the "expertise and sophistication," if you will, of these dynamic black leaders and their staff, blacks and whites alike are being de-educated, then re-educated, so that they can teach in a way that brings results.

It is this kind of success story that gives hope to other black communities so that they know it can be done.

RAE BELL,
Palo Alto, Calif.

WALLACE STEGNER describes Counterpart as "the one organization with the largest precipitate of concrete social and economic accomplishments" in East Palo Alto.

Across East Palo Alto from Counterpart is a real innovation in that black community—a complete private school system (elementary-college) open to whites but essentially serving the needs of black students. Here blacks are not apathetic but joyous and full of faith as they teach eager minds. Whites who help in the school do so in a supportive way because they realize that the black leaders at the school definitely "have a corner on the know-how" of teaching black children.

GRETCHEN O. BURFORD,
Palo Alto, Calif.

IT IS RACIST to believe that "blacks have the problems; the whites, so far, have a corner on the know-how . . . and the political power." The problems, it seems to me, belong to a white society that has lost a good deal of its false virtues, yet still imagines most black men to be unknowledgeable. In East Palo Alto, the people have turned a ghetto into a community because the people, especially the young, were strong enough. Mr. Stegner apparently is unaware (understandably) because he persists in using the word ghetto. Politically, black people seem to be drawing more attention than Mr. Stegner and his white, liberal friends. And what is happening in the white ghettos? Unity? Polarization?

MRS. HILDA AARONS,
Palo Alto, Calif.

I WAS MUCH interested to read Wallace Stegner's article. He has done an excellent job. A second organization working in that area might also have been mentioned—our local Urban Coalition group. Here is another successful black-white joint effort—in this case, however, both leadership and technical skill come from blacks.

TERRENCE CULLINAN,
Menlo Park, Calif.

Miscast

AS THE AUTHOR of "Wise in Hollywood" [*SR*, Aug. 8], I hope I am the first to point out a slight error on the cover of the issue. Visconti and Arkin are, you might say, playing themselves; but the role of Robert Wise has been assigned to David Wayne, a star of *The Andromeda Strain*. I think it is altogether typical of the modest and retiring Wise that, among the top directors in Hollywood, his face is so little known that an error of this sort could so readily occur. For a more accurate view of his countenance, I refer readers to the photo accompanying my article on page 23 of that issue.

ARTHUR KNIGHT,
Hollywood, Calif.

Fancy Verbal Footwork

IN HIS COLUMN discussing "The Greek Experience" [TV-RADIO, July 18], Robert Lewis Shayon contrasts pre-Socratic sophistic rhetoric with Socratic dialectic. He condemns the "art of rhetoric and eloquent public appeal" as being value-free and tending toward relativism. His implication seems to be that dialectic is the desirable mode of public deliberation and rhetoric is undesirable. But to admit that rhetoric sometimes is abused as a method of public deliberation is not to say that rhetoric is inherently defective.

In emphasizing the pre-Socratic sophists, Mr. Shayon neglects a heritage of rhetorical theory extending from Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, through Cicero and Quintilian, to contemporary rhetoricians such as Kenneth Burke.

Dialectic, Shayon notes, "seeks to determine first principles." But dialectic also may be abused and degenerate into an intellectual fencing match where fancy verbal footwork is applauded. At its best, rhetoric, too, examines and advocates basic principles and fundamental values.

RICHARD L. JOHANNESEN,
Assistant Professor of Speech,
Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.

"Well, what did Arnold Palmer's shoes, Arnold Palmer's clubs, Arnold Palmer's balls, and Arnold Palmer's new book do for Sam Schwartz today?"

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Gents' Lib

AT THE LAST bull session it was decided that:

1) Since men are brought up by lady mothers and by lady schoolteachers, they believe that women are *in charge*. Women encourage this belief by putting themselves on pedestals and making men worship them by doing demeaning kinds of drudgery, i.e., opening doors, getting taxis in snowstorms, saying "yes, ma'am," and the like. We demand male schoolteachers and more manly mothers.

2) Man is taught by the ruling Venerocracy that he is condemned by some alleged physical debility to be the one who fixes things that women break, to change fuses, throw out the garbage, repair leaky faucets, etc. He is the inheritor of the vilest chores. Interestingly enough, women still have men believing that only girls can sew on buttons. Most men know in their hearts that if they were given half a chance, they could sew on buttons as well as anyone. Man must be given the thimble.

3) Because it has been drilled into them, males believe that they are obliged to go off to work while the females stay at home laughing and screaming with the kids. When will it be *man's* turn to loll around watching *Road of Life*? Women can do any jobs men can do. Isn't it high time they did them and emancipated men once and for all?

4) The exploitation of men for economic gain has gone on long enough. Women demand, and get, money for shows, treats, furbelows, and the grocer. They get allowances and bank accounts and just plain cash. Can't men have some money too? Very few of them get to while away their afternoons with encyclopedia sellers and grocery boys. They now believe they are entitled to money.

5) Men are sick and tired of being thought of as mere sex objects, as fathers. They have individual personalities and hopes and dreams too! All they want is to be equals and not just sought after for their muscles.

6) Men no longer want to be elected to public office because they are "cute." Canaries and chipmunks and dogs are cute. Men are not beasts, they are People.

No man enjoys putting on makeup just to become governor.

We want to be recognized for what we are. Two-fisted he-men. Not four-poster beds. —HENRY MORGAN.

Cave Beck

A LITTLE serendipity is a dangerous thing. A couple of weeks ago, while working on an article about a visit to Fiji, I was trying to find out the word for chicken in pidgin English, and I was looking in a book called *The Story of Language* by Mario Pei. I didn't find the chicken word, but on page 440 I stumbled across the name of Cave Beck, a seventeenth-century scholar who invented a language for universal use. When put on paper it employed a combination of letters and numbers; in actual speech the numbers became spoken sounds.

Dr. Pei set down a sampling of this language. "Honor thy father and thy mother" becomes, in Cave Beck prose, "leb2314 p2477 pf2477." When you want to speak the line you don't say it the way it looks. You say, "Lebtorconfo peetofosensen piftofosensen." Listen, I wouldn't kid you this late in the year. Go look it up.

I was so impressed by Cavebeckian language that I sent off a letter to my old friend Fred Beck, a wise and witty Californian, suggesting that he ought to undertake a genealogical investigation to determine if old Cave Beck was an ancestor of his, so he'd have something to be proud of.

Fred Beck wrote back that Cave Beck was his uncle "so far removed that it is sickening." He also said that some of Cave Beck's linguistical blood courses through his own veins, for he himself has lately been working up a universal language, somewhat similar to his Uncle Cave's. Then Fred Beck wrote, at the end of his letter: "848."

I knew at once that he was trying to communicate with me in the language he was inventing. So I applied my algorithmic mind to 848—my skill in binomial theorem, spherical trigonometry, addin', subtractin', and multiplyin'—and in eleven days flat I came up with:

801 = gin.
45 = vermouth.
2 = olive.
Thus: 801 + 45 + 2 = 848.
And 848 = a martini.

I now wrote to Fred Beck and told him there was something haywire with his formula, that I hadn't been able to make anything out of it but a martini. He replied that 848 *is* a martini, but not a martini to his taste. He had rechecked his equation and discovered that he had made a significant miscalculation.

"What we have in 848," he said, "is a frightful thing to contemplate—equal parts of 801 and 45. Slop with an olive in it." So he furnished me with a revision:

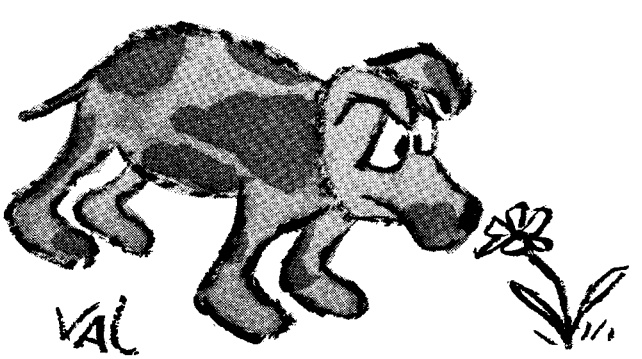
$$801 + 45/5 + 2 = 812$$

I threw that one into my home computer and it came out a dry martini with a maraschino cherry in it. I didn't think that was what Fred Beck meant, so I gave it a whirl with pencil and paper, and got a glass of buttermilk with a stove bolt in it. Most discouraging.

I went back to Dr. Pei's book and immediately got serendipped into another universal language, called Interglossa and invented by Lancelot Hogben, an English savant who writes books about arithmetic, internal secretions, and comic strips. Dr. Pei said that Interglossa contains elements of Greek, Latin, and Chinese, and gives us a sampling as follows: "Mi pre kine top tendo un acte re." Now, get a hold of something solid. That translates into: "I past go place purpose a do thing."

If someone has popped his cork, it is not me; it is Lancelot Hogben or Dr. Mario Pei. I past go place purpose a do something else, such as get back to work. I can now tell you that the pidgin word for chicken is "kokoruk." Makes sense.

—H. ALLEN SMITH.



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The Ohio River Commission has been fighting and winning the battle against pollution for over 20 years. Although man-made pollutants have been reduced, increasing population and industrial growth create a never-ending challenge.

Turning the tide against pollution along the capricious Ohio River.

How can you analyze water quality every hour in an ever-changing river? The Ohio River Commission considered it vital. This story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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David Dunsmore examines some of the 130 species of fish found in the Ohio. Control of pollution has helped reduce fish mortality in recent years.

"It's not how much information you gather on pollution that counts," says David Dunsmore, Sanitary Engineer of the Ohio River Commission (ORSANCO). "It's how fast you can evaluate it.

"Since 1965, our automatic monitoring system has been sending us enormous amounts of data from 14 locations along the river. But by the time we were able to do the paper work, the water conditions had changed.

"As a result, we asked IBM to come up with a data processing system that would allow us to evaluate water quality from these locations every hour. A tall order. But it would be a sure way to evaluate changes in the water when they happen.

"With the computer installed, we began to handle over a million water-quality measurements a year. In fact, the computer saved us so much time we were able to double the number of monitoring locations.

"Today, current river conditions can be appraised and trouble areas pinpointed so that downstream cities and industrial plants can be alerted to take protective measures.

"Right now, we're working on a computerized forecast procedure. This will let us predict the quality of Ohio River water three days in advance. We're confident this will be a significant weapon in the continuing fight against water pollution."

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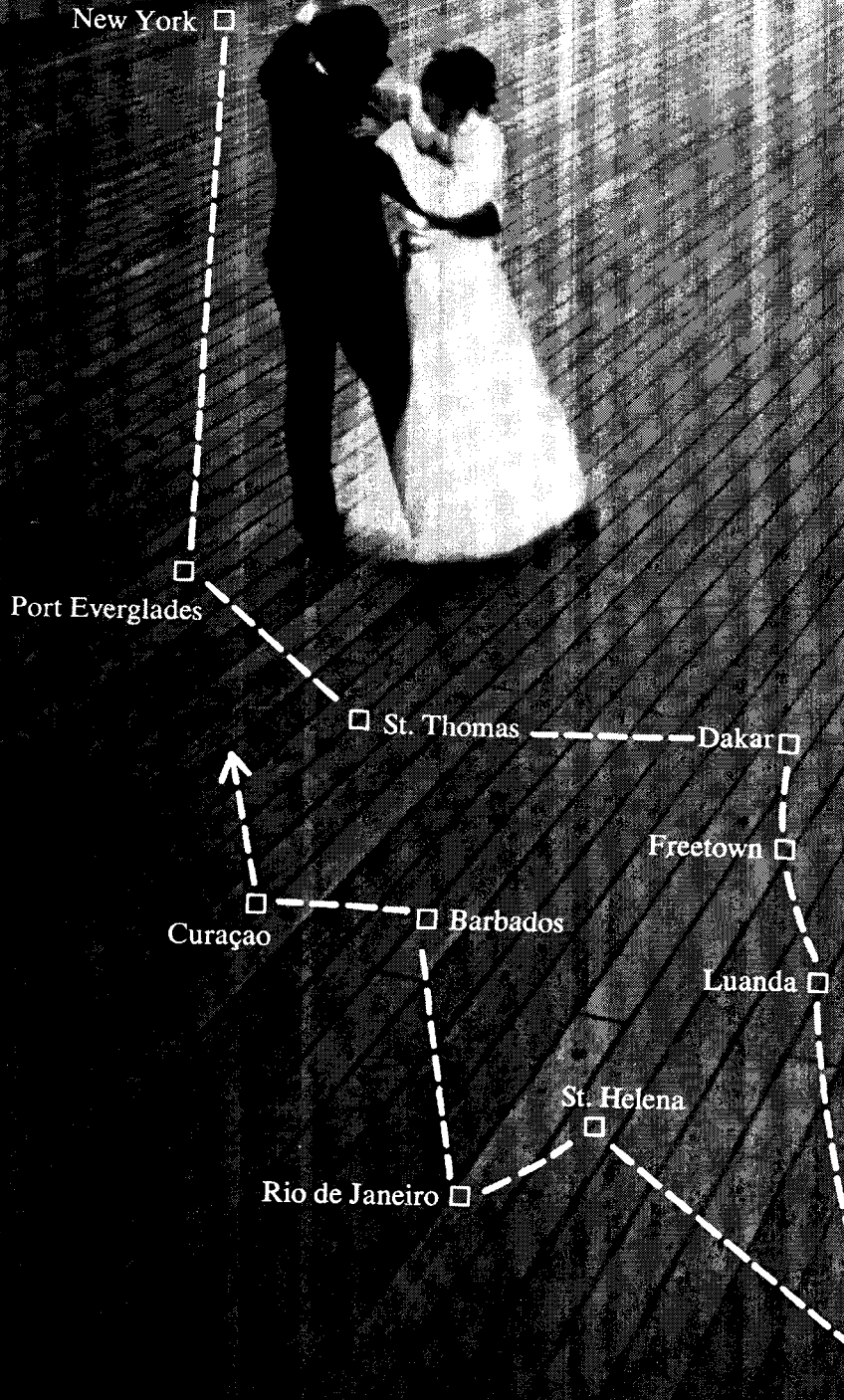
Only a few people in the world will ever savor 39 days like this.



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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Newest Frontier

ON A FLIGHT to Australia last month, I met a young Californian just out of college who was going to Melbourne to take up residence and find a job with an advertising agency. He wasn't running away from anything, which is one of the motives that inspires some 1,200 Americans a day to inquire into the possibilities of emigrating to Australia. In fact, by the time we got to Auckland, only fourteen hours removed from his home soil, he already seemed a little nostalgic.

His reasons for leaving? "My number won't come up in the draft for quite a while, so I figure I have some time on my hands. I thought about going to Europe, but everyone does that. Australia just seemed like a bigger challenge, and at the same time I think it offers more opportunity. It's supposed to have a pioneer spirit like the Old West." He had signed a contract with the Australian government, agreeing to work in the country a minimum of two years and receiving in return $350 for his passage.

In the past decade 20,000 Americans have settled permanently in Australia, though by far the biggest wave of immigration has come from Great Britain and southern Europe. Australia, simply needing greater numbers to work a vast and untapped land, has attracted more than 2,500,000 settlers since World War II. Its population is barely twelve million, mostly concentrated in the coastal cities of a continent equal in size to the United States (without Alaska and Hawaii).

Australia's immigration policies have come under fire this winter from within, economists and social scientists contending that schools and other social services are not equipped to handle the arriving masses. In late July the government announced plans to review the program. For years, the "White Australia" Policy—barring all but a token immigration of Asians and Africans—has stirred controversy at home and abroad. Its detractors call it "racist." Its backers say it is necessary to keep Australia "homogeneous." They are concerned, for instance, that the further admission of Asians (10,000 have entered since racial bars were slightly lowered in 1956) will dilute the white population.

There are others down under, a small but growing number, who believe Australia should take care of its native nonwhites before it welcomes those from overseas. When the British arrived toward the end of the eighteenth century with the first shiploads of penal colonists, there were 300,000 Aborigines scattered across the land, living as primitively as they had in the Stone Age. The white settlers gradually drove them to the barely habitable reaches of the outback, where most of their remaining numbers—about 120,000—continue to lead a dusty, hand-to-mouth existence.

Their cause is being taken up by various groups such as the Aborigines Advancement League, whose headquarters are in Melbourne. On a Sunday afternoon in early July, after I'd shadowed kangaroos and wombats at the Colin Mackenzie Wildlife Sanctuary, a young Australian writer named Alan Power took me to the Toorak section of Melbourne to meet a friend of his, Bob Maza, an Aborigine who is living very much in this age. Maza, president of the local Advancement League, is married to a Dutch-born woman, and

—Photos from Australian News and Information Bureau

The cry of the long neglected Aborigine is finally being heard across the land.

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they have two bright-eyed, indefatigable daughters.

Maza's wife and children were in the front room when we arrived, and while we waited for the master to appear I couldn't help thinking that the only Aborigines I had ever seen were half-naked, boomerang-throwing creatures pictured in grammar school geography books. Alan had prepared me to expect a man of imposing character, so when Maza entered the room I wasn't surprised to see a tall, powerful-looking, bearded man wearing a necktie and sheepskin jacket, looking very much the part of an antipodal Black Panther. His wife had warned us he was in a foul mood, but apart from scolding his energetic daughters when their playful shrieks threatened to bring down the walls, Maza behaved calmly, almost to the point of detachment.

"A lot is being done," he said of the movement to aid Aborigines. "But a helluva lot of it is just window dressing. Housing is one of our main aims. And land. We want payment for all the land the Brits took away from us." Maza's group faces a mountainous challenge in its effort to educate the Aborigines and find them jobs in the cities. Only a few have college degrees; several hold government jobs. Most Aborigines live on government reserves akin to United States Indian reservations. The Australian government estimates that 30,000 Abos are fully assimilated and that the remainder live in various stages of development down to the 2,000 or so who are still held to be primordial. One of the reasons so few facts and statistics exist on the Aborigines is that until 1967 they were not included in the national census.

John Douglas Pringle, an Englishman who wrote *Australian Accent*, has observed:

> Australia's treatment of the Aborigines has been disgraceful. Today official policy towards them is much improved, and there is a good deal of rather sentimental interest in the Aborigines among the population in the cities; but no one who has visited a country town like Moree in New South Wales, where there is an unusually large number of Aborigines and half-castes—nearly ten per cent of the population—can have much faith that the Australians would have reacted any differently from the Dutch and English in South Africa if they had been faced with a similar problem. Admittedly the remaining Aborigines tend to be dirty, debased, and debauched—whose fault is that?—yet the country people in New South Wales and Queensland practice a form of apartheid which is no more palatable for being contrary to the official policy of assimilation.

Australia is celebrating 1970 as the bicentennial of Captain Cook's arrival at Botany Bay, but to groups such as the one Maza heads the event only signaled the persecution of the Aborigines. The Advancement League has been selling car-window stickers declaring: "Cook is bad news for Aborigines."

Maza and his wife were going to attend a speech that evening by a black American, Andrew Pulley, who, according to the morning paper, was a candidate for Congress in California on the Socialist Workers Party ticket, although at nineteen he is six years too young to run. Pulley spoke at a Unitarian church, and the standing-room-only audience was mostly young, hip-looking, and white. Australia is seasons apart from the political climate engulfing the United States and other Northern Hemisphere countries, so that those Aussies who are not content with the easy isolation their country affords continually hunger for contact of any sort with the outside world. How else could one explain the warm and overflowing reception given a man who voiced nothing fresh or provocative, and at that couldn't find agreement between subject and predicate? My friend Power and I got separated from the Mazas, and I was talked into leaving the church while the speaker was languishing somewhere in the Dark Ages attacking Barry Goldwater's position on the Vietnam War in the 1964 campaign.

Power said he wanted to show me a novel eating place in Toorak, but what it turned out to be was an Australian copy of a Shakey's pizza parlor. Its founder is in fact an American. The Californian I met on the plane and his fellow settlers will find lots of Americana springing up down under. Though Australia is nearly 80 per cent populated by British and other northern Europeans, America exerts a much stronger influence on the 1970 scene. At times Australia may resemble an extension of California—with its climate, its terrain, its blondes, its openness—but other elements may seem a bit warmed-over. Australian television runs mostly American fare, much of it coughed up from the Fifties and earlier. Opposite an Australian football game one Sunday afternoon, I recaptured a few all-but-forgotten moments with a long-ago favorite, the Cisco Kid. All the bad half-hour detective thrillers you thought had perished come sputtering back to life daily, some at prime hours. Much of the music I heard on radio, while sweating out an attack of Hong Kong flu in Melbourne, also hearkened back to the Fifties, but that was mainly because the stations, while feuding with the top recording companies over the rights to play their songs, were forced to go with the oldies.

Australians devour American entertainers, too (though no more than we devour their tennis players). The week I was there, Aussies were looking forward to an appearance by Bill Cosby, who, one couldn't help musing, would be barred from anything more than a visit to Australia because of his color. Americans who try to find their home newspaper, even in Australia's major cities, will realize they are more cut off than they imagined. One Monday afternoon I asked a clerk in a large book shop and newsstand in Melbourne if he had a Los Angeles newspaper. He said no but produced two bundled-up Sunday *New York Timeses*. "Is that yesterday's paper?" I asked. "Oh, no, this one's from April 19, and this one is from April 26. They just came in this week."

Getting sick was a waste of time, but it did enable me to meet, in my own room, a member of the Australian medical profession—the house doctor at the Southern Cross Hotel—assorted nurses, a pharmacist's messenger, a Greek bellboy, a Yugoslavian maid, and, when my strength returned, the comically sober, owl-eyed anchor man on the evening news. The doctor thought me a pretty strange duck to be so sick, though from all the warnings in the media and the huge billboard ads for cold and flu remedies, he shouldn't have wondered. I thought the notable lack of central heating in Melbourne's public buildings had contributed to my

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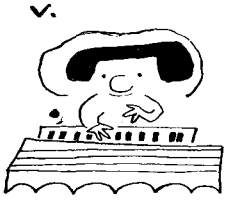
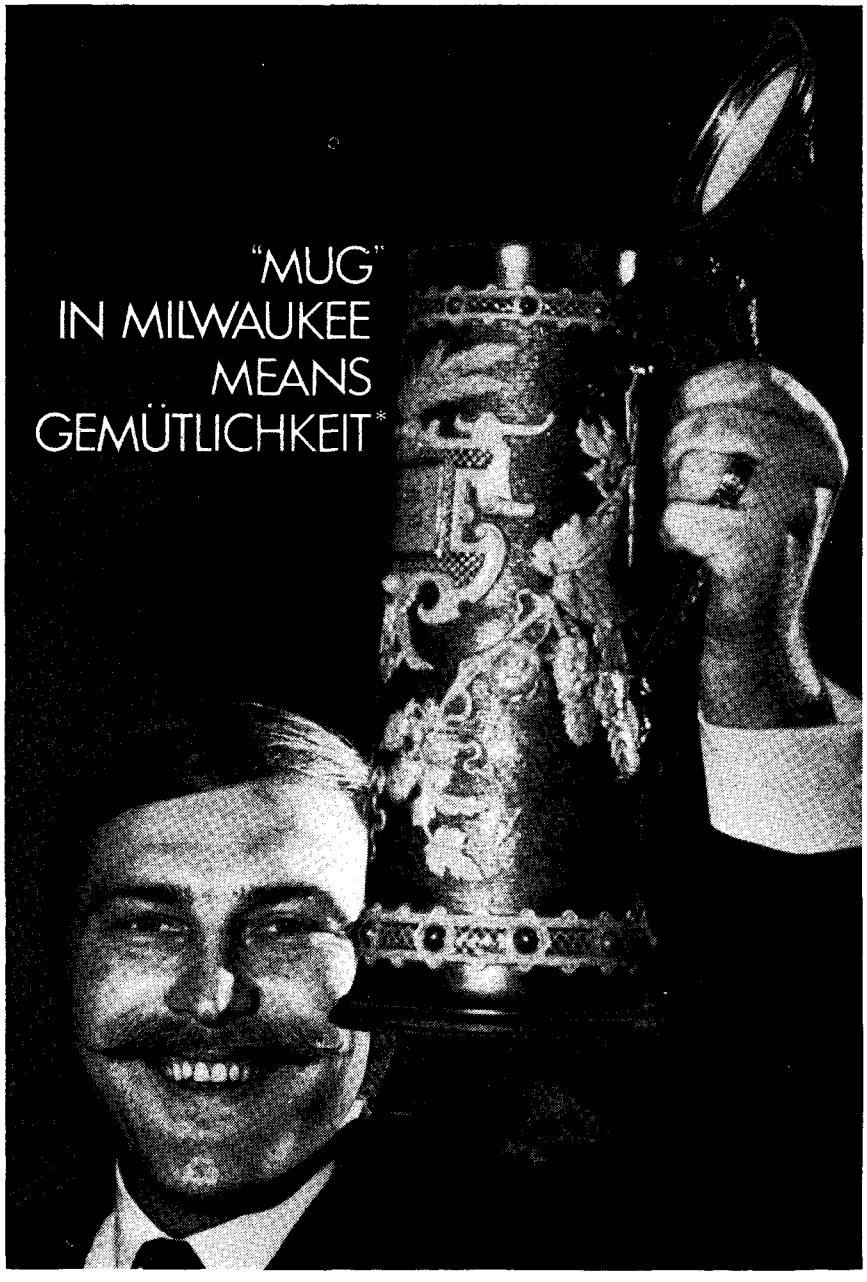
condition—only the pizza parlor with its jam-packed, heat-giving crowd singing "Oh! Susannah" was an exception—but the doctor scotched that theory. On the second morning he seemed surprised that my temperature was back to normal, although I felt I had paid for it with penicillin shots in my left and right arm and underside, gallons of cough syrup, and twenty-four hours of bed-bound ennui. He had a lot to say before he sent me on my way to Sydney, and what it boiled down to was that Americans can be hard souls to meet. "I took the Missus on a tour to the States," he said, "and we couldn't meet you Yanks for the life of us. The only way you can sit down and talk with someone and get to know him is when you're having a drink or visiting his home. But you always have to have a drink in your hand. I tried to meet people on the streets, but it didn't work. I don't know what they thought . . . maybe that I was . . . well, maybe they're just afraid in the States."

Sydney is far enough north of Melbourne to bask in a milder climate, and it was like passing from February into May when I took the seventy-five-minute flight that afternoon. I lolled by Sydney's harbor, far preferring that setting to the much ballyhooed King's Cross, which is reputed to be the heartbeat of the city with its clutches of small foreign restaurants, nightclubs, and boutiques. Sydney is a key rest and recuperation refuge for GIs in Vietnam, and I saw many of them plying King's Cross on my way by in a cab. The driver, a jovial Greek, apologized for talking so much but said he was eager to meet foreigners. He pointed to several black men standing on the pavement talking with prostitutes. "Those boys are from Vietnam," he said. "Sometimes they go with nice girls, and sometimes they go with prostitutes. I like the American boys very much. I like the way they talk. They are always so polite, so kind."

Later in July, crossing the American outback on a 747, I met a woman from New Jersey who said her brother-in-law had moved his family to Australia to escape the crush of urban life in Manhattan. Her husband told me that his brother liked the new land but missed two things about the American way of life: "Color TV and the Mets. He stuck with the Mets all those years, and then he goes away and they win the Series. He almost died. I had to airmail the papers every day."





Today, 'mug,' meaning cup, is rapidly being overshadowed by 'mug' meaning assault and strong-arm robbery.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Canadian Capers

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

DESERVEDLY, the most popular of the four attractions that comprise the 1970 Stratford Festival season is the Canadian company's revival of Richard Sheridan's *The School for Scandal*. In it, director Michael Langham consistently has captured the quality of good-natured feeling and of comedy that stops well short of rupturing the decorums.

The keystone of this production is actor Robin Gammell's performance as the hypocritical brother, Joseph Surface. Gammell looks and performs like some of the old drawings of late-eighteenth-century actors, when he neatly erupts at suitable moments into exaggeratedly animated gestures of anger or relish. But because he portrays, not villainy, but the self-interest of a man who cannot afford the luxury of sincerity, he becomes a thoroughly sympathetic liar. He rises effortlessly to the top of his instrument in the screen scene. First, as he begins to moralize for Sir Peter Teazle's benefit, we see him carried away to the point where he gradually realizes he is indicting his own behavior. Then when Sir Peter expresses concern that his remarks about his wife have been overheard by "the little French milliner" hiding behind the screen (actually Lady Teazle), Gammell's reply that "It'll never go any further" is delivered with a perfect sense of comic irony. And most effective of all is the way Gammell takes his time to express the full humorous discomfort of his comeuppance when he is ultimately undone.

Delightful, too, is Helen Carey's portrayal of Lady Teazle as a mischievous hoyden who can without malice remind her old husband, "If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, not married me." Barry MacGregor is charmingly human as the honest wastrel Charles Surface. And Pat Galloway is amusingly grotesque as Lady Sneerwell. However, not just these performances but the solid ensemble work of the entire cast makes this *The School for Scandal* the best I've encountered.

Considering its length and difficulty, Jean Gascon's staging of the rarely played *Cymbeline* is also something of an achievement. Rather than boring us with the old drawn-out and incredible tale of fidelity rewarded, the performers have fun with all this play's highly improbable coincidences and archaic sentiments. Although Maureen O'Brien, as the totally virtuous Imogen, and Kenneth Welsh, as the nobly raised Posthumus, play their roles fairly straight, the rest of the cast freely enjoy Cymbeline's incongruities. Leo Ciceri makes the nefarious Iachimo into a thoroughly likable villain who, after observing the mole beneath the sleeping Imogen's breast, replaces the bed sheet with mock propriety. Robin Gammell supplies an entertainingly broad portrayal of the obnoxious Cloten, whose duel with Polydore here becomes hilarious. Tanya Moiseiwitsch's costumes are also appropriately comic, and her creation of an oversize Jupiter who catapults thunderously to the edge of the stage balcony provides an enormously theatrical climax to the evening's enjoyable byplay.

The North American premiere of Arnold Wesker's latest play, *The Friends*, is being performed at the festival's other theater, the Avon. Originally, the presentation of modern works at this supplementary proscenium-stage playhouse was intended to provide an opportunity for the acting company to vary its diet. But this led to scheduling problems in the main theater, and both *The Friends* and Slawomir Mrozek's *Vatslav*, which follows it, are acted by separate casts.

In *The Friends*, the actors are excellent but their task is difficult. The play presents us with what seems to be an extremely ineffectual group of dilettanti, who, we are told, are partners in a chain of interior decorating shops. We are also informed late in the play that they believe themselves to be political revolutionaries. However, despite the facts that their firm has just gone bankrupt and that one of them is dying of leukemia, each individual seems preoccupied with taking his or her own intellectual or emotional temperature. This leads to a number of eloquent speeches about a variety of tangential subjects. As the dying Esther, Kate Reid talks glowingly about the glories of the past and the inadequacy of men to be as true revolutionaries as women. "Do you know why I despise a capitalist society?" she asks. "Because it pro-

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Thematic Skeletons Fleshed Out with Plot and Character

by ROBERT K. MORRIS

LAST THINGS

by C. P. Snow

Scribners, 435 pp., $7.95

C. P. Snow, the dynamic, prolific apostle of the two cultures, has made some stunning contributions to the thought of the postwar years. Cresting virtually every intellectual wave of the past three decades—science, literature, education, business, government—Snow, through a high-caliber dilettantism that is both alarming and enviable, has spoken in a distinctive voice and displayed enormous if not original resources. His literary legacy is "Strangers and Brothers," a sequence of eleven novels, the first of which appeared in 1940, and which is now completed with the publication of *Last Things*. The series is the work of a lucid, humanistic mind that ponders healthily on the ethical questions of right and wrong as well as on the metaphysical ones of good and evil, rigorously mediates the conflicts between individual conscience and the politics of collective power, and scrupulously documents society's shifts and changes.

With only modest misgivings, I'll go on record at the outset by saying that this family of novels is a formidable, energetic, and readable chronicle of the dilemmas of our age, but that it is not exciting fiction. Snow's novels seem too often Procrustean beds for his ill-fitting characters; his settings are battlegrounds where armies of logic skirmish over questions of personal freedom and public expedience. Snow's readiness to strike a temporary but uneasy truce between them makes him one of the few remaining advocates of reason in a world growing progressively more insane. Yet this ameliorating tendency—which at best offers compromises and at worst allows the triumphantly mediocre to weigh and enforce them—cannot be separated from certain novelistic shortcomings. Snow's characters are exponents of one moral position or another, and rarely comic or tragic figures in their own right.

This flaw results, I think, from Snow's earlier career as scientist. His concepts provide a thematic skeleton, which is only afterward fleshed out with plot and character. Each book becomes in every sense a problem and a syllogism. Logical men posit logical hypotheses about logical events and derive the only logical conclusions.

From time to time there may be shifts in locale—academia, national laboratories, the labyrinths of Parliament—but the formula remains pretty much the same. In *The Masters*, for example, the problem of who should be elected head of a Cambridge college—the goodhearted, vacillating progressive or the formal, intransigent reactionary—resolves itself, after a great deal of whining, backbiting, and jockeying, in the choice of a dark horse middle-of-the-roader, and a scientist to boot. The conflict between duty to humanity and that to one's own profession and genius is hypothesized away in *The New Men* by having several British physicists who developed the atomic bomb deplore its use—cold comfort to Hiroshima, Nagasaki, or us. And in *Corridors of Power* a brilliant young statesman being groomed for prime minister is jettisoned by the Tories when he allows his personal sense of rectitude to interfere with the welfare of the party.

Within this seemingly rigid frame-

ROBERT K. MORRIS is the author of a study of the contemporary British novel series, to be published next spring.

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work of practical politics, Snow manages to be convincing in his belief that the "new men"—his term for those middle- or upper-class, rational, decent, liberal, good-will sorts—will eventually do the right thing for at least the better reason. In the long run, Snow is doing no less than adapting the scientific method of search-and-create to humanistic modes of behavior, the give-and-take of society, where in a world controlled by logic and reason "sensible men"—to quote one of them—"will arrive at sensible decisions."

No character in the series is more sensible than Lewis Eliot, its narrator and the author's surrogate voice. It is imperative but often trying to separate Eliot's personality from his literary manner. Critics have charged Snow with many things, but never, so far as I am aware, of being a stylist. Oddly enough, the very strengths of his prose—accuracy, directness, simplicity, control, an impeccable ear for day-to-day conversation—account for its weaknesses: flat, low-keyed dialogue, description as dull as heavy water, sentences at times so wooden as to be petrified, and disquisitions so stiff as to suggest rigor mortis. Having run the risk more than once of proving that the style is the man, the unflagging and latterly senescent Eliot-narrator has barely been equalized by the not much more interesting Eliot-protagonist. Snow has defined the "inner design" of the sequence as the "resonance between what Eliot sees and what he feels." In theory, such resonance—the response between a vibratory system (Eliot) and applied forces (society and its various themes)—could suggest a vital and continuous exchange. In practice, however, once one tunes in on Eliot's vibrations, detects his impulses, and gauges his soundings, the resonance fades into something like a numbing hum.

It is on the "feeling" level that "Strangers and Brothers" seems least sustained and effective. Beginning life as a poor boy from the Midlands, Eliot becomes by turns a brilliant student, a highly respected lawyer, an influential don, a key civil servant in the government, a famous writer, and a candidate for a junior ministry. This gradual, even plodding ascent is countered by such personal setbacks as pernicious anemia, a tragic marriage ending in the suicide of his wife, the death in World War II of his best friend, sundry blots on the family escutcheon, and partial blindness; though in the end Eliot faces the uncertain but more or less hopeful future with a staunch and plucky helpmeet, renown and comfort, the prospect of more books to write, and a title of no mean distinction. This route from night school to knighthood might yet have proved fascinating in its private detours had Snow somewhere along the way broadened and deepened his initial portrait of a cool, determined, reasonable, honorable, ambitious, slightly masochistic young man, and permitted him responses other than deadpan stoicism or sage imperturbability. But Snow sends Eliot unchanged through fifty years of history, a character of simple form and function rather than one motivated by complex feelings.

That despite such stylistic and affective flaws "Strangers and Brothers" still emerges as one of the most intelligent works of our time can be credited to Eliot's symbolic role as an intellectually committed, morally fervent, eternally hopeful pilgrim of the Establishment, who quests after insights into those values that emphasize the similarities rather than the differences among men. Eliot's own rationalism becomes the touchstone for Snow's characters of darker mien: Dionysian idealists like the hedonistic solicitor George Passant (of *Strangers and Brothers*, the first and title volume), the manic classicist Roy Calvert (hero of *The Light and the Dark*), and the psychotic Sheila Knight Eliot (*Homecoming*), who embrace abandon, sexual license, unlimited freedom, self-destruction, and even nihilism in place of hope, conscience, reason, and the armory of natural virtues. Clearly, the quasi-Apollonian Eliot is to deliver us into the light, and to assure us continually that the truths men seek, while neither abstract nor universal, are clearly demonstrable.

Indeed, while Snow may show an abiding infatuation for society's brilliant deviants (Dostoevsky is a favorite frame of reference), he casts his final lot with the Eliots, those men who can translate the symbolism of "light and dark" into purely practical terms—the uses and abuses of power—and who, out of enlightened self-interest and historic sense, will work hard at preserving our civilization. This belief in the morality of history is essential to single volumes of the sequence, and quintessential to the whole of it. Riddled with skepticism though it is, "Strangers and Brothers" continually moves toward affirmation of political, social, and intellectual control in a world where, according to Snow, problems do not increase so much in scope as in magnitude—"the forms remained the same while the contents changed"—and where the present may understand and build upon the past. Perhaps no one has been so publicly optimistic since Tennyson, and, like Eliot himself, of

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE KING'S MOVE

To discover the name of the character concealed in each letter-group, just move from one letter to another in any direction, but without skipping. All letters must be used; double letters are formed by counting the same letter twice. For example, $\begin{matrix}E\\HTL\\O\end{matrix}$ = OTHELLO. Robert Brooks of Bethesda, Md., has provided a clue by listing all the authors involved (though not in the same sequence). If checkmated, turn to page 65.

1. IV
LER
GUM

2. YG
BAJ
ST

3. J
RWSO
DEP
NAH

4. RLYV
KAZO
MHS

5. HFI
OLENC
DUA

6. D
EN
HRY
CIF

7. E
GRM
OSA

8. DIY
UBL

9. Y
TRI
FPECN
OSL

10. BV
EAO
MRY

11. ZP
NAO
CHS

12. SCN
REZ
OGB

a. Cervantes
b. Dickens
c. Dostoevsky
d. Fielding
e. Fitzgerald
f. Flaubert
g. Hemingway
h. Kafka
i. Melville
j. Salinger
k. Shakespeare
l. Swift

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such "stubborn and untiring hope."

All these ideas are given final airing in the valedictory volume, *Last Things*, which preserves the drift of the preceding books while managing as well to be part elegy, part prophecy, and a firm rounding-off of the sequence. In one way, "rounding off" means no less than "killing off." Sir Lewis Eliot's normal doubts and fears at slipping over to the shady side of sixty (the time is 1964-67) are given abnormal impetus by the deaths of his father, his father-in-law, his "first benefactor and oldest friend," and half a dozen others; Eliot himself suffers a near-fatal cardiac arrest while undergoing an eye operation.

In quite another way, *Last Things* rounds off Snow's compact with an age. Death writes a symbolic finis to vanishing life-styles like that of Austin Davidson, who "still believed in the enlightenment he grew up in, the lucky oasis, the civilized voices, the privileged Edwardian hopes." George Passant's ideas of thirty years before about emancipating flesh and spirit have been outstripped by today's free-

doms of pot, pill, and paradise now. The gentleman physicist Sir Francis Getliffe, upright, agnostic, uncompromising, "decisive and executive," was one of the last men molded along classical lines. Lewis Eliot, governed as ever by resignation and self-control, still devoted to love, politics, and his ego, always the model liberal conservative, no longer navigates the swift tides of change. Too old for passion, too worn for the power game, Eliot falls back on what he understands best —himself—hoping for ten more years of life to devote to writing and "last things," hoping to meet death with (in Rilke's phrase) "no unlived lines in the body," but mostly simply hoping.

Eras, like men, must die. The elegiac note struck in *Last Things* harmonizes with the prophetic realization that men of Eliot's—and Snow's—generation may be at "the end of a line." Having striven for a good and just world, they would pass on the mantle to the newer generation, who will strive for a more just, better one. Less interested in where things have gone than in where they are going, Snow brings the series full circle by having Eliot's son—as revolutionary, reli-

(*Continued on page* 55)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Polarizing Our Society

THE TITLE OF MY NEW BOOK, which Mark Levy describes [*SR*, July 25] as "myopic," does not refer to the many evident troubles and conflicts that we are experiencing. At several places in the book (and on the jacket flap) "The Hidden Crisis in American Politics" is labeled as *"our inability—or unwillingness—to reconcile"* the conflicts that divide the nation. I doubt that this refusal to come to terms with each other is consciously recognized, even though it is a major force polarizing our society.

Nowhere, as Mr. Levy asserts, do I argue that the youth crisis "will go away if there is draft reform." My analysis sees the youth crisis as fundamentally a problem of entry into society, of finding meaningful places for the greatly enlarged numbers of young people born after World War II. While sensible draft reform at the right time could have averted or eased much anti-society hostility, like all conflicts left unreconciled, the youth crisis continues to proliferate and take on new forms.

SAMUEL LUBELL,
Washington, D.C.

JFK and the Insurgent Worker

THAT WAS A PERCEPTIVE analysis of *Smoke-Filled Rooms: The Confidential Papers of Robert Humphreys* [*SR*, July 25], but Warren Sloat threw the ball game away in the ninth inning with his comment that Senator John F. Kennedy championed the "insurgent worker."

Nothing could be further from the truth. Senator Kennedy's labor bill in 1959 was a mild and innocuous response to overwhelming evidence that the labor bosses were running roughshod over the individual worker and that some legislative restraints on their excessive power was badly needed. Senator Kennedy's response to the problem was so far off target that his bill was replaced by Landrum-Griffin, a bill that appeared to provide some measure of meaningful relief for the rank and file (even if it rarely had meaningful enforcement under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson).

John F. Kennedy, as a Senator and President, championed the labor hierarchy, not the "insurgent worker."

HUGH C. NEWTON,
Alexandria, Va.

Therapeutic Columnists

RE BENJAMIN DEMOTT'S REVIEW of the William F. Buckley, Jr., collections [*SR*, Aug. 8], it never fails to astound me when persons of substance and repute take columnists seriously, and magazines of even greater repute insist upon compounding the error by distributing it. As any good newsman knows, the meanderings of columnists are to be read for their entertainment or, *in extremis*, therapeutic value only. When one's confidence flags, one reads the columnists with whom one is in agreement. When one's juices of righteous indignation need heating, one reads the columnists of opposite view.

THOMAS R. BENTON,
Batavia, N.Y.

The Nose No's

PARDON ME, Reader Gancher [BOOK FORUM, July 25], but if every literary allusion to an "Irish nose" were resented by Americans of Irish extraction, we'd have Dublin riots in the USA, in addition to all the other fomentations by uptight groups. And not one Italian, to my knowledge, ever protested Holmes's "offensive crudity" in his poetic portrait of an aged gentleman who "had a Roman nose."

Writers may one day be forced to refrain from describing physical features with reference to any region or group—to give us bland, inoffensive, wall-to-wall literary pabulum!

A. M. CASS,
Bronx, N.Y.

Lear and Anti-Lear

TOM DRIVER IS OPERATING from an extremely dubious critical premise in his review of Benjamin Nelson's *Arthur Miller: Portrait of a Playwright* [*SR*, July 25]. Nelson should not be accused of "temerity" in comparing Willy Loman to Lear. I know Mr. Driver has read Miller's famous introduction to *Death of a Salesman*, wherein he defends his view of tragedy as being as valid as that of the Greeks or the Elizabethans. Miller's concept of tragedy is the exact opposite of the classical concept; instead of a hero of exalted rank, Miller gives us a literal "low man." Willy deserves to be compared with Lear, for he is an anti-Lear.

BERNARD F. DICK,
Bronx, N.Y.

Ungimmicky Group

WHILE ENCOUNTER GROUPS ["Techniques for Psychic Survival," by Henry S. Resnik, *SR*, July 25] make a big splash today, an entirely different kind of group quietly provides a serious, ungimmicky approach to personal growth. Dialogue House workshops, led by Dr. Ira Progoff, feature the *Intensive Journal*, a workbook in which people work on themselves and their own lives.

The quiet atmosphere of these workshops helps them to center themselves and to reach inward to the source of power and direction. These groups provide a method and a program for accelerating and extending personal growth.

FRANCENIA TOWLE,
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

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THE EVOLUTION OF MAN AND SOCIETY

by C. D. Darlington

Simon & Schuster, 753 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by John Platt

■ Is history produced by accident or by determinism? By Great Men or by the movement of peoples? By breeding and genetics, with selection and mixing of the germ cells of mankind, or by powerful cultural and family traditions, with selection and mixing of the ideas and skills of mankind?

C. D. Darlington's new book is a fat, bold, and controversial speculation on these questions. He has rewritten the history of man and the history of the modern world somewhat as a stock-breeder might write it. Darlington, who is Sherardian Professor of Botany and Regius Professor of Biology at Oxford, has written many previous expositions of modern biology, but he has now produced what is perhaps the most systematic statement yet made of the genetic interpretation of all human, racial, national, and intellectual development. "The possibilities of a unified history of man," he says, "have been transformed in the last twenty years by the sudden development of two sciences . . . archaeology and genetics." He uses these developments to justify his own long-standing view that historical accident and historical determinism are both usually genetic in their causes as well as their consequences; that "great men are due to unique genetic recombinations" frequently because of interbreeding of diverse racial stocks; and that particular cultural traditions, skills, and teachings could only be passed on, at least until recent years, by the particular genetic strains of mankind that had developed them.

Darlington states these notions perhaps most explicitly in bringing them to bear on Marxism and the class struggle, which, he claims, is entirely the result of the inbreeding of the managerial classes. "Where classes . . . do not interbreed, the exclusiveness of the more privileged classes creates homogeneity, aggravates prejudice, and concentrates antagonism. It is then that the privileged class, becoming a caste, commonly agrees to turn from cooperation towards exploitation." Professor Darlington holds that "Heredity as much as wealth underlies any materialist interpretation of history. . . . Class differences ultimately all derive from genetic and, usually, racial differences. For us it is the inequalities which create advances in society rather than advances in society which create the inequalities. . . ."

Even more specifically, " . . . individuals owe their individuality to genetic recombination; and this individuality is continually reacting with changing conditions to produce effects which, though unexpected, are often far-reaching. . . . It is impossible to suppose that Alexander's decision to turn east, Columbus's decision to turn west, and Caesar's decision to turn north, all due to the characters of these three men, are not today continuing to have their effects, albeit unintended effects. They did not alter, as in Plekhanov's phrase, the rate of change in history; they altered the course of history. . . . Similarly . . . for Karl Marx: he altered the course of history but not in the way he expected to alter it."

Darlington's general picture of history is thus one in which genetic differentiation is continually recurring because "human societies generally devise methods of separating groups—which we may call tribes—and of giving them a formal character and a binding unity." Each group develops its own rules of eating, meeting, and marriage, with some persons becoming leaders and breeders and others casting themselves out or being cast out by diseases or inadequacies. The result is that within a hundred generations or sometimes even five or ten, according to Darlington, each intermarrying group becomes genetically different, with different average values and ranges of height, features, voice, blood group, skills, and every other character. His history of mankind is a history of these genetic clusters and blood lines, differentiating, moving, weakening, enslaved, locked-in to relationships with other clusters, mixed, conquering, splitting, and recombining, to make a complex network of past and present relationships visible in every society today.

The author applies these ideas of genetic differentiation and determinism to an enormous and fascinating range of historical problems, tying them together with many curious insights and parallels. It is not necessary to agree with Darlington to see that this viewpoint must at least be taken into account in any detailed interpretation of man's movements and development.

Thus, he stresses how new inventions sharpen up genetic differentiation. "Each invention of a new kind of boat has reacted on the inventor. It has opened a new territory, a new environment . . . the Eskimo created the kayak; the kayak also created the Eskimo. . . . Each of these inventions promoted the breeding and multiplication of the people who were a little more skillful or intelligent, persevering or enterprising, than their neighbors." (A skeptic might ask if they could not also have been more lucky—or more desperate; but the effect on the future, of course, would still be the same.) Likewise, he says, the technical inventions of the migrating European engineers of the fifteenth century "opened new roads and stimulated further the movements of people from which they had themselves been originally derived . . . [and] resulted in contact between the opposed types of the mechanic and the philosopher, the artisan and the mathematician, who were themselves usually derived from different races, nations and social classes."

Throughout the book Mr. Darlington places an important emphasis on this kind of self-propagating or self-amplifying character that many developments acquire after they have passed a certain take-off point. They become "hierarchical jumps" to a new level of organization in some way more effective than the old, and this is what gives so many steps in biological or cultural evolution their "directed" quality.

Opposed to these self-amplifying changes is the self-maintaining or locked-in character of numerous other

relationships after they have once become established. For example, the new plants cultivated by neolithic man were "no longer capable of surviving in nature but fitted only to survive under conditions which man had learnt to create for them. They were dependent on the cultivator. And the cultivator, of course, was dependent on them." Dr. Darlington also emphasizes, on the negative side, the self-amplifying damaging effects of many of man's advances, as in the extinction of various mammals by the early hunters, and the repeated extinction of the forests by timbering and ploughing and by the domesticated camel and goat, creating Saharas and arid lands at the original centers of civilization in Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, India, Greece, and Italy.

He uses this sort of analysis of survival-consequences to try to explain such things as the universal taboo against incest, which came, he says, "from instinct . . . after a few hundred generations" of increased survival of outbreeding ancestors with their greater genetic variability. He also uses it to explain the failure of Islam to penetrate either China (pork taboo unacceptable) or Europe (impossible for Northerners to fast on a lunar calendar). Darlington attributes the survival of the Jews largely to their eating apart,

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breeding apart, and prohibiting the practices of other societies "which tended to limit the population." And he claims that it was "The Christian rejection of washing and tolerance of filth . . . [that] was to devastate Christian cities with plague, generation after generation."

Likewise, he points out the repeated weakening of civilizations by "brain drain" and migration of the talented, or by inbreeding for excessive purity, as with the Spartans and the Arabs; and, conversely, the intellectual and organizational vigor induced for a few generations by the stirring up of stratified societies by migrations or conquests. Most readers will be fascinated by Darlington's account of the many dynasties, from the Pharaohs to the Ottomans and the Venetian aristocracy, that have destroyed themselves by their own rules of inbreeding, or homosexuality and eunuchism, or polygamy with its attendant dynastic murders. To prove his points about inheritance and survival of individual genetic lines, the book is illustrated with eighteen family trees of historical leaders from Xerxes to Lenin.

Americans will find this very biological and very British approach to American history alternately eye-opening and outrageous in its racial analysis of Indians, religious colonists, slavery, the Civil War, Southern mountaineers, the Mafia, and the Establishment (which he claims is "in process of becoming genetically related"). Darlington laments Tocqueville's blindness when he analyzed American democracy in the 1830s. "For [Tocqueville] was concerned with the *ideas* of aristocracy and democracy; the possibility of their having a genetic basis was entirely withheld from him." But the author concludes on a note of hope: that in the United States "the separate preservation of Indian, Mexican, Negro and local cultures may be a source of strength to a republic which is also manifestly an empire. These, however, are only beginnings of new and unprecedented steps in social evolution."

It should not be supposed that *The Evolution of Man and Society* is concerned solely with genetics and blood lines. The book represents an enormous sweep of material and is perhaps as full and entertaining an account as we have had of the interactions of biological, political, and cultural history since H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, with which Darlington obviously wishes his book to be compared. Its uniqueness, however, lies in the author's assumption at every point that the development of skills, codes, ideas, social and political structures, and social stability or instability are all merely aspects or consequences of the development and mixing of genetic lines and tribes and castes.

Yet is this the complete story? Even in its own terms, the explanation is often one-sided and weak. The book is obsessed with family and race, full of the ideas of Carleton Coon and Gordon Childe, but the extensive bibliography and index do not mention other leading anthropologists and evolutionists such as Margaret Mead, Conrad Waddington, or Teilhard de Chardin, even for refutation. Also, Darlington has one of those carry-all evolutionary theories that stretches to explain everything—whether men change from black to white between the tropics and the Arctic, or whether they remain the same color, like the Mongols and the American Indians—so that in the end it often explains nothing. And when the evidence becomes weak, he tries to cover it up by dogmatic assertions. Thus, our "ten thousand different and mutually unintelligible languages" are attributed to "a wide variation in articulating apparatus." The Old Testament prophets are explained as "the men who by their individual genetic character utterly rejected the environment they lived in." And in arguing that justice is "natural," Darlington implies it to be "the present-day biological view that morals represent the instincts of the community."

Is this supposed to be science and history, or a collection of prejudices? The work leaves out the major discoveries in psychology, behavior, education, and social process in the last thirty years. Any environmental effects on the Great Man who might "change the course of history" are said to lie "almost entirely . . . in the world of microbes." Darlington neglects all the nongenetic and cultural mechanisms of stimulation or transmission of skills, attitudes, and ideas. He admits that General Epaminondas taught his new military arts to the teen-aged Philip of Macedon, but he overlooks the fact that dedicated nurses and teachers from outside the genetic line have always fascinated and transformed students in this way. Since the development of printing, the nongenetic mechanisms also include books and mass education, and now perhaps the mass media, leaping across tribal and national barriers to teach skills and ideas to millions of stimulated or rebellious adolescents like Bowditch or Franklin or Lenin and his brother. On the other hand, among the deleterious nongenetic mechanisms are group or societal attitudes or practices, which may keep children locked in for generations far below their potential skills or intelligence, simply from lack of exposure to more challenging experiences or opportunities.

Our growing conflicts and our grow-

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ing unity in the world today are both created in large part by these nongenetic cultural mechanisms. It is a disservice to mankind to have so important a study by one of the grand old men so dogmatically presented that it essentially denies these important mechanisms and possibilities of change. "Civilization is a race between education and catastrophe," as H. G. Wells said. But Darlington has not the humanity or the vision of Wells. He sees our "peril owing to the difficulties inherent in replacing instinctive by rational processes" which have now "threatened us with disaster." And he warns us rightly that we must "preserve the diverse habitats which diverse peoples need for their survival . . . [for] we have now learnt that intelligence is of many kinds. . . . And its diversity, if lost, cannot easily be recovered." Nevertheless in our present headlong world crisis in human evolution it will not be by the genetic mechanisms of breeding or crossbreeding but only by the nongenetic mechanisms of reason and education and organization around the world—the mechanisms Darlington has left out—that we have any chance of preserving this diversity and intelligence, or even mankind itself.

John Platt is a biophysicist who analyzes intellectual and social change in his new book, "Perception and Change: Projections for Survival," which will be published in October by the University of Michigan Press.

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1412

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1412 will be found in the next issue.

XA IGIOGS AQ F KSGM ZV HSFZVGP QAS RUG SDCCGP ZXPZWZPDFBZRN AQ UZV SAMZXC.

—SFBHU MFBPA GIGSVAX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1411

I not only bow to the inevitable; I am fortified by it.

—THORNTON WILDER.

THE VAN WYCK BROOKS-LEWIS MUMFORD LETTERS: The Record of a Literary Friendship, 1921-1963

edited by Robert E. Spiller

Dutton, 461 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by David Littlejohn

■ This depressing collection ought, in my view, never to have been published. That it is for the most part lifeless, unnourishing, and artificial is a minor fault; it may annoy the reader, but does no one active harm. Far worse is the caricature these letters present of the two correspondents (Brooks died in 1963, at seventy-seven; Mumford is now seventy-four): the image left of them is partial, distorted, degraded, at times downright ludicrous or mean.

This is not to demand that all portraits—least of all, self-portraits—be flattering. When the full biographies of these two men come to be written, all the pettiness and egoism and wrongheadedness displayed here will be displayed there, too. But they will be reintegrated into the context of two long and complex lives, lives far more fruitful and more meaningful than one could ever suspect from this unfortunate collection.

What is missing? Almost everything that matters. The two authors are forever writing books and writing letters about writing books, but rarely is there any word of what the books are about. Brooks and Mumford are large with book, struggling under book, delivered of book. Works in progress are described as glaciers, foetuses, albatrosses, eggs, hors d'oeuvres, mountains, ship timbers, stones, sculptures, or plants, as ailments or games or chores or régimes. The writers exchange manuscripts and galley proofs, dedications and fulsome praise on each safe delivery; and then they compare reviews and sales figures. But, for all the sense we ever get of the substance, the ideas, the value of all these books, we might as well be reading the letters of Irving Stone to Will Durant.

This is nothing to hold against Mumford or Brooks. Since they were exchanging books as well as letters (and since their friendship was professional rather than intimate, and in the long run somewhat fragile), they felt no need to fill their correspondence with anything more substantial than the expected civilities and progress reports, along with accounts of friends and vacations and occasional top-of-the-head reflections on politics and letters.

But why on earth publish such letters? In any case, why publish them, as Robert E. Spiller has done, with an introduction and notes so casual and scant that they provide no hint of the importance of these men, of the substance of their works, of their place in the forty years of American culture they helped to shape and then helped others to understand? Van Wyck Brooks, the grandfather of "American studies," is more responsible than anyone else for our sense that there is a distinct and definable American literary tradition. Yet here he is only a genteel reading and writing machine, moving trunkfuls of notes from one country house to another, a slightly stuffy old Jamesian *litterateur* trying not to overexcite his nerves or his heart.

Lewis Mumford has taken as his field all things past, present, and future, and passionately tried to explain them in thirty-odd books. It is not surprising that the present generation has picked and chosen among all this wisdom, discarded (for the moment) Mumford the prophet-philosopher, and retained Mumford the architectural and regional critic, the analyst of environments, the man who was insisting on the importance of living space and ecology

long before most of us knew what the phrases meant. Yet of this valuable man there is almost no shadow here.

Instead, the Lewis Mumford revealed in his letters to Brooks is so unpleasant a person that I frankly cannot understand why he authorized their publication.

In the exchange of barren pleasantries and ritual flattery he is no better or worse than Brooks: it is simply the style of their relationship. But his is the far more demanding and more vulnerable sense of self, and we see it outrageously displayed. The world that surrounds Mumford is cowardly, corrupt, plunging into barbarism and chaos. Its political leaders are wolves, vultures, and jackals. Unless the idiot human race stops listening to them and starts listening to *him*, starts doing what he, Lewis Mumford, has been telling them all along, it is doomed. He has the word, the answer; he could save the world. "A half-dozen of us, firing steadily from behind our book-barricade, may yet keep off the fascist hordes!"

And yet the blind, bigoted world goes on heeding the Roosevelts and Eliots and Beards, the cynics and realists and pessimists. People who confess they don't understand Mumford's arguments are stupid; those who disagree with him are simply "[serving] the pur-

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poses of traitors and fascists." Roosevelt is the Great Finagler, coddling us into defeat. Charles Beard is a dishonored old villain who must be denounced as a betrayer of humanity by every self-respecting person.

It is the unfavorable reviews, the poor sales, the lack of influence, the refusal of the world to accept him at his own evaluation that gall Mumford, particularly after 1944. He begins to settle into the Cassandra (or Timon) role in earnest, barking and snarling at critics, professors, politicians, and pragmatists, those who attack him, those who ignore him, even friends (like Brooks) who dare to qualify their praise. The Harvard professorship he is not offered turns into sour grapes; he is wounded not to find himself on Whit Burnett's list of the Greatest American Writers, to learn that Anne Morrow Lindbergh's inspirational books are outselling his own. He will write for posterity—"if we have any posterity above the level of neurotic savages."

Now all this, seen in the context of Mumford's substantial achievements or as part of a full-scale biography, may appear no more than the necessary psychological complement of such labors and such vision as his; it may even appear justified. But presented naked and unsupported, it often seems simply shrill and distasteful.

My own explanation for the "failure" of these letters, for their artifice and lifelessness and distortion (Mr. Mumford could, of course, declare me wrong), is that the two correspondents were never really the friends they pretended to be, never even particularly congenial. For a variety of reasons—a common sense of critical neglect, of displacement in the American intellectual world, Mumford's need for a father, Brooks's for a son, the younger man's gratitude, both men's need of ego-props—they graciously maintained for forty years the fiction of a close friendship by means of the artificial respiration of these letters. This would explain the unnatural archaisms of the style, the regular outbursts of ritual praise, and the omission of all real substance, either personal or intellectual.

It would also explain the few moments in the correspondence that do approach real drama. Stung by his confidant's refusal to support him against Beard, Mumford petulantly, cruelly reveals that he never really valued Brooks's work all that much:

> . . . by closing your eyes to what has actually been going on around you, by refusing so amiably to take sides, you have left out the bitter tragic element in the lives of Thoreau, Melville, Whitman, and have ranged yourself with the proper "gentlemanly men," who felt that these people were barbarous, hysterical or mad. . . .

Brooks coolly replies, "I am not a shallow person."

Four years later, it is his turn: "I must say that I think your reading has for years been too *exclusively* scientific. . . . I believe that a year's discipline in the style and thinking of the literary moralists might work wonders for you." Mumford explodes in a 2,500-word letter of prickly self-defense, and concludes, "But it may be that there are fundamental literary differences between us."

It may, indeed. Brooks had hinted as much in a letter of January 1947. But Professor Spiller also quotes a revealing remark of Mumford's written to a third party fourteen years earlier: ". . . both of us look so eagerly for points of contact and sympathy that we tend to understress our differences, and yet I more than half suspect that he either does not believe half the things I believe in, or is antipathetic to them." Brooks, perhaps, had written in similar vein to closer friends of his.

At one point in the Beard quarrel, I grew so exasperated with Mumford that I composed a letter of my own for Brooks to send him:

> My dear Lewis:
>
> Perhaps the time has come for us to end this farce, too long maintained and at too high a cost. You find me shallow, "disloyal," willfully blind, willfully unregarding. I find you single-mindedly possessed of, obsessed by a political and social vision I do not share, one by which you judge all things. There remains, I grant, a narrow tract of common values, but surely the far wider field of difference is something we ought not to blink away any longer.
>
> Ave atque vale,
> VAN WYCK.

Of course, Brooks was too decent a fellow ever to write such a letter and so, attenuated, with wider and wider intervals, the genteel correspondence went on.

Professor Spiller writes, apropos of these letters in manuscript form, "Here was an important book, whatever its contents might reveal: a book that would almost write itself." But important books, even important collections of letters, do not write themselves, nor is their "importance" independent of their contents. This inadequate volume is almost enough to justify Mr. Mumford's want of respect for the academic imagination.

David Littlejohn teaches at the University of California, Berkeley. His latest book is "Interruptions," a collection of essays, reviews, and reflections.

MEMOIRS 1885-1967

by André Maurois, translated from the French by Denver Lindley

Harper & Row, 439 pp., $10

Reviewed by Leon Edel

■ We had long known André Maurois the writer—the witty, often superficial, but always graceful author of literary lives, competent novels, and popular histories—and as the exponent of Anglo-French and Franco-American friendship. But the figure revealed to us in these posthumously published memoirs is quite another man. We discover his almost superhuman tenacity: he is the practical "man of letters" doubling on occasion as artist and putting his pen at the service of high civilization.

The cult of disorder and anarchy in our world might have killed him, had he not been an eternal optimist. The memoirs show Maurois's humane faith in the written word and in the enduring qualities of the literary imagination, as well as his passionate love for the glory of great lives. These are, moreover, honest memoirs. There is no posturing, no self-deception, no dramatization. This is the kind of memoir we would expect from a man who has dug into the lives of others. Maurois tries quite as hard to dig into his own. And he makes no attempt to enlarge himself: "I know my place," he says. "It is not at the top."

But somehow he had a way all his life of coming out first. He was an incorrigible capturer of prizes and medals—at school, in the army, and in the field of letters, where he stepped

André Maurois—"no posturing, no self-deception, no dramatization."

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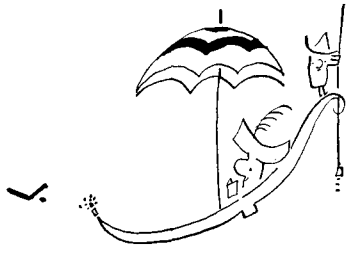
early into the mortal "immortality" of the French Academy. He could not accept the word "impossible." When told as a student that he was frail, had a heart murmur, must avoid sports, he quietly perfected his gym work and astonished everyone by carrying off a War Ministry medal. Refused by the army, he produced the medal, and thus became a soldier.

André Maurois was born Emile Herzog, scion of a wealthy dynasty of Alsatian Jews who had established flourishing textile mills in Normandy. He was expected to administer these upon graduation; he was expected also to serve his country, and he did so in World War I. During that war Emile Herzog first became known as André Maurois, the *nom de plume* he chose for a little book describing his experi-



ences with the British. He called it *The Silence of Colonel Bramble.* And England, which was filled with Colonel Brambles, knew how to laugh at itself.

Maurois had an all-round competence. His great teacher Alain, brilliantly sketched in this volume, had warned him at school that he had "a terrifying facility," and Alain was right. Maurois's novels have charm; his biographies possess brilliant tone and surface, and he wrote unceasingly—essays, criticism, histories of France, England, the USA. He was a fine lecturer and explicator. He quickly became an emissary of good will; his books were always best-sellers. Maurois had the classical French training. In a man of talent such as his this produces a disciplined and regulated mind. It gave him also an unfaltering faith in the institutions, forms, rituals, and myths by which man lifts himself from barbarism. If we do not call Maurois a genius, we can say that he carried within him, wherever he went, the peculiar genius of France.

His greatest claim on posterity will probably be his espousal of the art of biography, especially in France, where it has never been taken very seriously. For that matter, I'm not sure it is taken seriously anywhere. Great lives are read with a mixture of amusement and voyeurism; there seems little concern with the skill that goes into their writing. Maurois was Strachey's contemporary; both these men believed in the art of biography and practiced it with splendid craftsmanship. Maurois in particular had a warm feeling for the romance of great lives, and he had, moreover, much delicacy of mind. This was the source of his appeal. He liked success stories. Had not his own career been a brilliant example of the genre?

Perhaps what fascinates most in these memoirs is how Maurois, after the Second World War, "the years of misfortune" and struggle, began a new and splendid career at sixty-two, an age when most writers consider themselves burned out. During his last eighteen years, and right up to his death, he did his finest work. The flighty romanticizer of Shelley and Byron, the brilliant characterizer of Disraeli, now turned to a weightier study of Proust, then went on to the great romantics: Dumas, Hugo, Georges Sand. In his seventy-ninth year he produced his work on Balzac, a veritable tour de force. These are well-researched, beautifully constructed biographies, admirable examples of the "organizing imagination." Maurois was aware, as others are not, that it is impossible "to dissociate the work and the author."

His memoirs, however, pay scant attention to this side of his creativity. He is more concerned with the France of his childhood, the personalities of the Herzog clan, the way textile mills are managed, the vicissitudes of war, the nature of glory, and the painful and vivid history of the defeat of France, the emergence of de Gaulle (of whom he gives a sympathetic portrait), and the final triumph.

I remember Maurois during his last visit to New York in 1959—suave, genial, witty, self-assured. He talked of his great joy in flying each day to different parts of the U.S., and of his audiences. The abiding love he had for this country was almost as great as that for his own. Maurois had resolved his life into a series of neat verbal packages; he possessed *la formule saisissante.* He had too, always, a feeling for life, progress, survival. "Like so many frail men I have endured," he writes. It had been a triumph of the will, but it was also a triumph of education, of a national culture, of a rooted civilization.

Denver Lindley has admirably translated Maurois's lucid French into a comparably lucid English. The old generation will treasure this book. The new generation would do well to read it, if not as a success story, then perhaps as an illustration of what it means to have a faith, an anchor in life, a need to work. Maurois believed in "the duty of being happy." By this he recognized that happiness can be achieved only if one has a sense of duty.

Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer Leon Edel is now completing the final volume of his "Life of Henry James."

JOHN BROWN:
The Sword and the Word

by Barrie Stavis

Barnes, 190 pp., $6.95

TO PURGE THIS LAND WITH BLOOD:
A Biography of John Brown

by Stephen B. Oates

Harper & Row, 434 pp., $10

Reviewed by T. Harry Williams

■ White Southerners of an older generation still say, when referring to a distressing eventuality: "Well, I'll be John Browned." They do not know, most of them, what it is like to be "John Browned," and they do not make any conscious association of the phrase with an event in the past. But the expression has endured, a striking testimonial to the terror inspired in the slave South over a hundred years ago by one man.

John Brown was truly a remarkable person, and to biographers he has been a puzzling and controversial figure. How to explain him—a failure in nearly everything he tried before he went to "bloody" Kansas Territory, a leader in the antislavery struggle there and the instigator of the Pottawatomie "massacre" of five proslavery men (that shocked the nation and has shocked most historians), then the commander who led a band of twenty-one men, sixteen whites and five blacks, to Harpers Ferry in Virginia in an attempt to overthrow slavery in the South itself by inciting a slave insurrection, and finally the Old Testament prophet who after his arrest and

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Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The leader of the _ _ _ _ _ _
stood where shade
Of ancient _ _ _ _ _ _ hid
his troubled face.
For his _ _ _ _ _ _, tired
men he prayed
That _ _ _ _ _ _ might would
shield them from disgrace.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 56)

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during his trial spoke and wrote words that awed a generation, and in so doing transformed himself into a martyr and a legend: "John Brown's Body."

What was he really like, and what drove him? The writers have disagreed. He was variously a fanatic, a maniac, a horse thief, an epic hero, a fighter for freedom, "God's angry man." The writers started to explain him soon after his death and kept on explaining up into the first third of this century, then stopped. The only biography based on original research, that by Oswald Garrison Villard, was published in 1910, and the last full-scale biography appeared in 1934. It was inevitable that John Brown should be rediscovered in our own time, an age that cherishes dissenters and equalitarians and exonerates attempts to go outside laws that are deemed unjust.

As a mark of this renewed interest, two new biographies have appeared simultaneously. One is by Barrie Stavis, a playwright, and the other is by Stephen Oates, a professional historian. Mr. Stavis's is best described as a slight item. Its author states the book is intended for the "general reader" who would "shy away from a formidable-looking book." Hence he made his short and eliminated footnotes. Based on published sources, it adds nothing to the Brown story not already known and incorporates various errors about Brown and the history of his time. Put briefly, Stavis's trouble is that he accepts too uncritically statements by Brown or his associates and offers simplistic explanations of complex situations.

He evidently wrote the book to express his admiration of Brown, whom he likens to Jonathan Edwards and Martin Luther King, Jr., men who preached that sin could be lessened by "the injured one taking on, even embracing, the punishment due the sinner." Stavis argues that Brown's plan to strike at Harpers Ferry, usually dismissed as impractical or mad, was in reality a brilliant application of the concept of guerrilla warfare, no more visionary than Castro's landing in Cuba in 1956. Had Brown been able to escape from Harpers Ferry, Stavis further contends, he could have retired into the mountains and there have set up a "free state" government. He would have been joined by thousands of non-slaveholding mountain whites and thousands of slaves from all over the South, and his dream would have been realized. The suggestion is interesting but is based on assumptions that have little if any relation to known facts.

In contrast, *To Purge This Land with Blood* is a major work, based on research in a wide variety of sources, including some manuscript collections not available to previous biographers. It is a full-scale biography that treats in detail Brown's career before he went to Kansas and his actions in that territory, as well as the blazing climax at Harpers Ferry. And, finally, the author attempts to be carefully objective. "Instead of trying to destroy or defend Brown," Oates explains, "I have sought, with fairness and an open mind, to understand him in the context of his times." Oates does not conceal that he has a certain sympathy for Brown, "that messianic, paradoxical, and essentially tragic man." Repeatedly he takes issue with the opinions of Kansas Professor James C. Malin, who fixed an image of Brown as a common looter. He also flails away at those writers who have attempted to subject Brown to psychoanalysis, holding that this science is as yet too imprecise to be used by historians.

The author's caution on the question of psychoanalysis seems exaggerated. Brown as a subject cries for psychological probing, and Oates actually does some of it himself. He writes that Brown was a "revolutionary who believed himself called by God to a special destiny." Moreover, Brown was a product of the "violent, irrational, and paradoxical times in which he lived" and of a "racist, slave society" that could drive men to extremes.

Brown was motivated primarily, Oates thinks, by a sympathy for the oppressed blacks in slavery and a hatred for the institution. It was a feeling that arose in him while yet young and remained with him always. As early as 1847 Brown was toying with a plan to run slaves out of the South, but it was not until 1855, Oates believes, that he became single-minded on the question of slavery. In that year he went to Kansas to help make the territory free, and he came out of Kansas determined to destroy slavery. Brown had encountered violence from slavery adherents and instigated violence against them. (Oates conjectures that the Pottawatomie massacre was intended as a retaliatory blow.) As he watched his settlement at Osawatomie burn, Brown said to one of his sons: "I will die fighting for this cause. I will give them something else to do than to extend slave territory. I will carry this war into Africa."

And so the Harpers Ferry scheme was born, dreamed up by Brown and given financial support by a group of northeastern abolitionists, the "Secret Six." He proposed to seize Harpers Ferry and the arms in its federal arsenal and send out a call for "dissident whites and mutinous slaves" from the surrounding area to join him. Then, with a constantly augmenting guerrilla army he would move southward through the mountains and eventually into the Deep South, igniting slave insurrections as he went, and eventually he would conquer slavery.

A mad scheme? Stavis thinks not. Oates does not hazard an opinion. But he labels the raid a "dismal failure," emphasizing that "not a single slave" had come to Harpers Ferry "of his own volition" and that the handful Brown had forcibly liberated refused to fight with him. Neither Oates nor Stavis explains the strange paralysis of will that overcame Brown after he seized the town. He could have escaped but refused to. Perhaps he wanted to fail. Perhaps he saw that his capture and death would excite tensions that would lead to a civil war in which slavery would be destroyed. At times he seemed to see into the future. Shortly before his foray Brown wrote to a friend: "I expect to effect a mighty conquest even though it be like the last victory of Samson." He certainly helped mightily to pull the pillars down.

T. Harry Williams, who is Boyd Professor of History at Louisiana State University, wrote "Huey Long," winner in 1969 of a Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award for biography.

Fille en Noir

by Sherrill Fontenot

The broad new silence
of a stereo finally turned off

announces the rattle
of bottles and empty glasses

as Anna prepares
to break a dozen breakfast eggs

for all but us,
because with a slight shrug,

a pursed shrew's mouth,
you crush out your cigarette,

slip on your coat,
and go alone into the dewy dark

morning of mist
and gray shopping center lights

where a solitary
prowl car pauses, turns aside

and I
follow you to the cushioned swing

to find
that you are deep in mourning.

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Report from England, Part II

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

All of the people milling about at the Eleanor Farjeon Award party looked just like the people who mill about at a Newbery-Caldecott Award party here, but the dark, paneled walls of The Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, lent a special aura. And, for an American reviewer, the fact that these were British authors and artists talking shop under a large Hogarth was particularly stimulating.

The award, established by the Children's Book Circle, an association of children's book editors, was presented by Anne Wood, last year's recipient, who galvanized British parents into a sensitivity to children's book needs when she began publication of a periodical called *Books for Your Children* and organized a local "Books for Children Group." Now there are so many such units that the Federation of Children's Book Groups is meeting in the autumn at the Royal Festival Hall in London.

Mrs. Wood never intended to head a pressure group, but was catapulted into action by parental response and by a need for improved services to children in areas poorly served by libraries and bookshops. "The Arts Council disowns us," she said, "because our activities are more in the field of education than of literature. The Charity Commissioners are unable to consider us as an educational body because we are nonprofessional. Nothing daunted, we shall continue to knock on their doors."

In a letter written after I left England, Mrs. Wood added: "One of our most popular events so far this year happens to be on television this evening. This is a Storytelling Festival organized by a marvelous girl from Chester. They have a week of storytelling . . . the organizers are also visiting large housing estates in a specially decorated storytelling car."

The Farjeon Award this year went to Kaye Webb, the editor for Puffin Books, published by Penguin. Her acceptance speech was brief, crisp, and amusing, and I had an impression of a medium-sized cyclone, chic and articulate. The impression was corroborated later when Miss Webb swept majestically into my hotel, the vitality that has made the world Puffin-conscious as visible as a corona.

The most successful line of children's paperback books in the world, Puffin has been in existence for almost thirty years, but it was only nine years ago that the series gave birth to *Puffin Post*. Letters from children had convinced Kaye Webb that a magazine was needed. It has stories by authors, illustrators, children, and critics, and articles by—well, in one issue, Joyce Grenfell, Malcolm Muggeridge, Harry Secombe, C. Walter Hodges, Yehudi Menuhin, and Christopher Fry. Authors participate in setting and judging contests; there are reviews, poems, stories, riddles, and pictures of Puffineers at parties.

Parties are one of the activities of the Puffin Club, founded three years ago. Applications for membership average 500 each week, and the turnout at picnics is usually around 150. These gatherings are energetically and enthusiastically run by the staff, with authors and illustrators often acting as hosts, cooks, fortune-tellers, guides, or deck stewards.

Among the most exciting aspects of the project is the amazing talent of some of the young contributors to *Puffin Post*. Miss Webb has already found one girl who "ought to be kept in the Tower with the Crown Jewels as a national treasure-to-be." Yehudi Menuhin, serving as a judge for a Puffin essay contest, sent his vote from Belgium. His host, who had seen the contributions and was curious about the outcome, asked if he might be informed when the decision was made. He was. Much impressed by the caliber of the writing, he told Kaye Webb in a letter that he wished all statesmen had that much sagacity. Coming from the King of the Belgians, that's quite a compliment.

I Write It. *By Ruth Krauss. Illustrated by Mary Chalmers. Harper & Row.* 24 *pp.* $2.50. Gay and endearing small figures romp through the pages of a little book that celebrates the joy of being able to write. The poetic text bubbles along: " . . . On the sidewalk I write it and run/ On the air I write it/ And no one can see it/ But I know it's there/ On all my friends I write it. . . ." Not until the end does the reader know it is the children's names that are being written, and the last double-page spread shows proudly scrawled or printed signatures from many lands and in several alphabets. Ages 4-6.

Timothy's Horse. *By Vladimir Mayakovsky. Adapted from the Russian by Guy Daniels. Illustrated by Flavio Costantini. Pantheon.* 30 *pp.* $4.25. "When I grow up," said Timothy, "I'm going to be a cavalryman." This firm decision is followed by a polite request for a horse, so Daddy and Timothy go off to buy a hobbyhorse. Since the toyshop has none, they go to the paper mill, to the carpenter, to the brushmaker's for horse hair, and so on, until the toy is made. The stern, old-fashioned figures with dark, bearded faces are in stunning contrast to the brilliant jewel tones of the handsome pictures. The poetry of Mayakovsky is not impressive in translation, but the concept is durably appealing. Ages 5-8.

—From "I Write It"

Penny Candy. *By Edward Fenton. Illustrated by Edward Gorey. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. The distinctive quality, droll and Victorian, of Edward Gorey's line drawings adds a note of elegance to a story that begins on a realistic plane and moves into a fanciful one. A small boy, conscious that he is being merely tolerated by a group of older children celebrating the end of school term, finds a nickel and treats the others in a grand gesture. The confectionery delights of yesterday include small drops of candy on a roll of paper, and with each one the boy has a vision of the lead roles in "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. . . ." Ages 7-9.

A Kitchen Is Not a Tree. *By George Panetta. Illustrated by Joe Servello. Norton.* 77 *pp.* $4.25. Tony was walking through Central Park when he saw the bird, high on a branch and hanging helplessly upside down, its leg caught in a piece of string. With a policeman's help he rescued it. Was it right to take the bird out of the park? Would his parents let him keep it for a pet? They would, he found, let him keep the bird until it recovered. Papa was convinced that some of his homemade wine would help, Mama that macaroni would sustain any life. The description of a warm, loving, Italian-American family and their one night of housing a

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wild creature is touching and amusing, the conversation disarmingly natural. Ages 8-9.

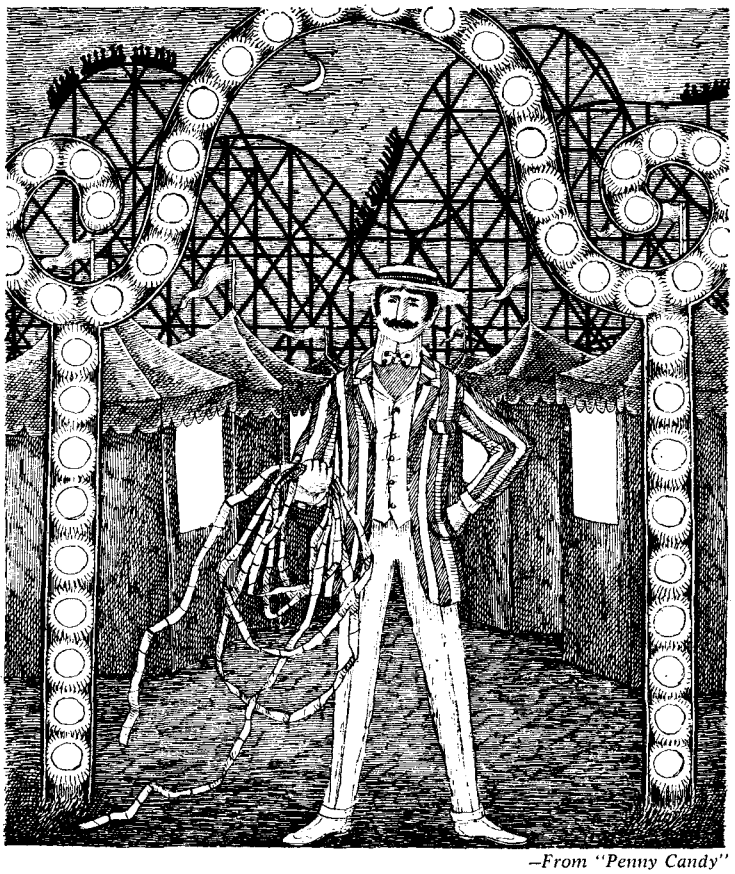
Kids Cooking: A First Cookbook for Children. *By Aileen Paul and Arthur Hawkins. Doubleday.* 128 *pp.* $3.95. Two experienced cookbook writers, one of whom also conducts cooking classes for children, have produced an excellent book for beginners. The page layout and the print size make reading easy: on the left-hand page, lists of ingredients and implements; on the right, "here's what you do." The headings are in red, useful for hasty glances, and the instructions include optional variations in a separate section. The recipes are easy, with a step-by-step outline that assumes nothing. Grouping is by meals or type (dinner or lunch, party or snack dishes), and there are separate prefaces addressed to the adult and the child. Ages 8-11.

Jason's Quest. *By Margaret Laurence. Illustrated by Staffan Torell. Knopf.* 211 *pp.* $4.95. The city of the moles is suffering from a peculiar wasting sickness, and a young mole, Jason, determines to search throughout the world for some remedy that will save it. With his companions, an owl and two cats who also want to do brave deeds, Jason goes to London. That's where the action is, he finds. The quartet plunges from adventure to adventure, each episode a hilarious burlesque of some aspect of the human scene—as in the encounter with a chic and haughty boutique owner (feline) who has her fur done regularly by a fur-dresser so that she can pass as a white Persian. The plot is entertaining, the characters varied, and the style light, sleek, and pithy. Ages 9-11.

Walks for Children in San Francisco. *By Margot Patterson Doss. Maps by Len Darwin. Grove.* 63 *pp.* $2.95. Adapted from material first published in the *San Francisco Chronicle,* this useful and enticing book marks the debut of Grove Press in the field of juvenile publishing. Despite the faint whiff of travel brochure puffery, it should appeal to young visitors to the city, since it is informal, informative, and organized for easy reference. General information is followed by separate units (two pages of text, two pages of easily-read maps) on geographic areas. Ages 9-11.

Smoke from Cromwell's Time: And Other Stories. *By Joan Aiken. Doubleday.* 164 *pp.* $3.95. Joan Aiken is so at home with magic that she can afford to be disrespectful, poking fun with teasing affection at the conventional patterns of fantasy. For example, in "The Parrot Pirate Princess" the beloved daughter of the king, returned to her original shape, prefers the salty language and free behavior of her enchantment. Most of the tales have a wry humor, and all of them are written with a light, sure touch that is just right for the restrained fantasy of their plots. Ages 10-12.

Germfree Life: A New Field in Biological Research. *By Alvin and Virginia B. Silverstein. Lothrop.* 96 *pp.* $4.50. Gnotobiology is the study of the effects of specific micro-



—From "Penny Candy"

organisms on germ-free plants and animals living in a sterile environment. Controversy over the benefits of a germ-free existence began a century ago. Early research, halted by World War I, led to the perfection of techniques and equipment. Today gnotobiological experiments are providing useful or potentially useful information that may radically change some aspects of world health. Among the questions considered here are the possibility of immunization against tooth decay, the effects of bacteria on production of some vitamins, and the efficacy of microflora in slowing the process of cancer. The straightforward, brisk writing is lucid, the material neatly organized, the subject one of the most intriguing on the biological frontier. Ages 10-13.

Famous American Women. *By Hope Stoddard. Illustrated with photographs and prints. Crowell.* 462 *pp.* $7.50. From Jane Addams to Babe Didrikson Zaharias, forty-two women who have contributed to widely varied fields in American history (sociology, music, art, religion, literature, sports, medicine, public life, etc.) are described in brief and lively biographical sketches, each preceded by a synopsis of facts and a statement about the subject's contribution and followed by a bibliography. The index indicates reference use but the book makes its mark even more as stimulating reading. Ages 11-15.

Beethoven: Master Composer. *By Herbert J. Gimpel. Illustrated with photographs. Watts.* 250 *pp.* $3.95. All Europe adored the patterned delicacy and the classic forms of Haydn and Mozart, but the sweep and power of Beethoven's music were irresistible—as was the arrogant and often ill-tempered man. This competent biography covers much of the same historically validated material contained in the Jacobs *Beethoven* (*SR,* May 9) but it is not as broad in treatment or as astute in interpretation. Ages 12-14.

The Overland Launch. *Written and illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. Coward-McCann.* 119 *pp.* $3.95. Once upon a time a wild storm was raging along the English coast, and a determined rescue crew slogged through the rain and wind pulling a lifeboat overland so that they could launch it and save a ship in distress. Sounds like a B movie? It really happened in 1899. In this thrilling fictionalized chronicle the crew members, whose names have been slightly altered, are vividly drawn. The story has humor, drama, and suspense; the illustrations are delectable. The author won the Greenaway Medal for an earlier book. Ages 12-15.

Cheer the Lonesome Traveler: The Life of W. E. B. Du Bois. *By Leslie Alexander Lacy. Illustrated by James Barkley. Dial.* 183 *pp.* $4.95. A common weakness of biographies is an adulatory tone, but it is somehow acceptable when, as here, it is frankly confessed and tempered by a rueful awareness of feet of clay. Leslie Lacy is a black writer who met Du Bois in the United States and again in Africa just a few days before Du Bois died, a black leader repudiated by his country because of his political affiliation. Late in life, when he was a gray eminence as writer, teacher, and champion of civil rights and black equality, William Du Bois became a

(*Continued on page* 57)

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THE KING GOD DIDN'T SAVE: Reflections on the Life and Death of Martin Luther King, Jr.

by John A. Williams

Coward-McCann, 221 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

■ This summary political biography of Martin Luther King, Jr., is fragmentary, poorly organized, and often self-contradictory. Nevertheless, as far as the essential questions are concerned, it seems to me to be most intelligent.

The central point in any useful study of King has to be the significance of the nonviolent methods of political agitation that he espoused. No one in his right mind doubts the necessity for social change in the United States. The problem is how to accomplish that change with the least damage to all of us. King thought it could be brought about by moral suasion.

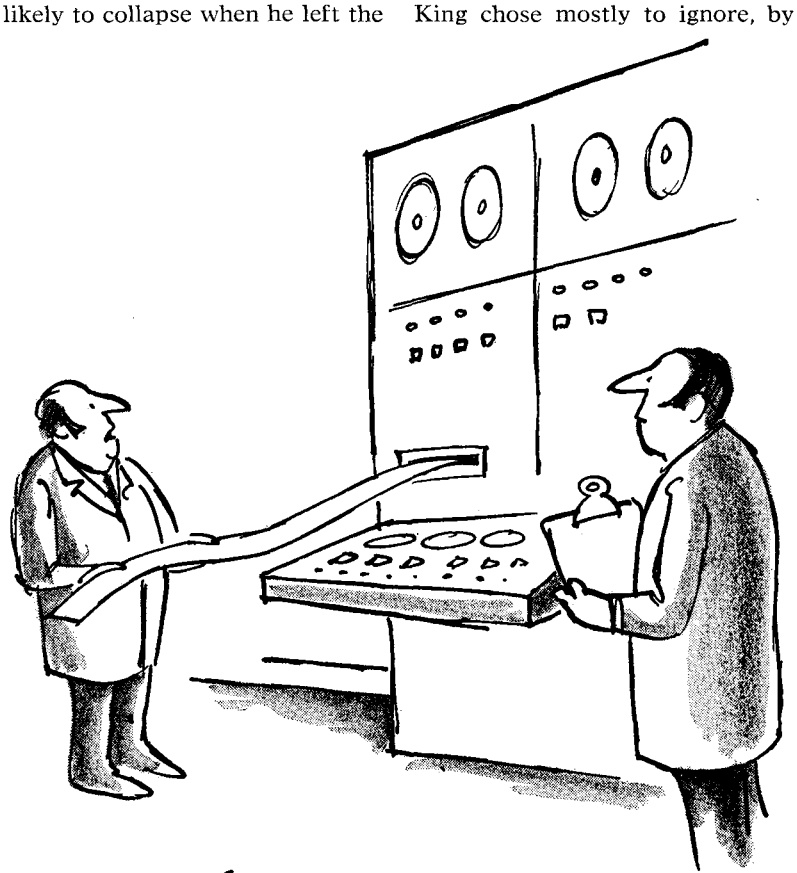
In my opinion, he was right—within limits that proved fatal to his design but need not have done so. John A. Williams, a novelist, journalist, and participant in the civil rights movement, is particularly keen in descrying the limits. Firstly, King's natural style was to conduct a dramatic one-man show, and the show at any given place was likely to collapse when he left the scene, as he was often moved to do for reasons of varying urgency. Secondly, his strategy of conciliation tended to shade into compromise, what is called in political jargon "making deals." (The Washington March of August 1963 was the high-tide mark and the beginning of the ebb for the integration movement. King delivered his "I Have a Dream" address. He might better have presented a list of political resolutions. Presumably, the Kennedy administration had given him assurances in exchange for his discussing aspirations rather than programs. Any other explanation would be a libel on King's talents as a leader; this one proposes that he made the natural mistake of compromising with the government when he need not have done so.)

In itself, the policy of conciliation was absolutely correct, and the language of brotherhood perfectly appropriate—they always are. Men being men, what other strategy, what other language, would one propose? But there is a world of difference between King's basic position—Christian meekness combined with Christian fortitude—and his temporizing with men of power, his acclaiming small concessions as if they represented great victories.

And, lastly, the problem of racial justice was complicated, in ways that King chose mostly to ignore, by the problem of racial economics. The "disadvantages" of the disadvantaged, whether material or psychological, are ultimately assessable in terms of money—in this case, less money for blacks, more for whites. Now, when confronted with the power of money, moral suasion is not necessarily powerless itself, but the persuaders have to remember that they are in fact struggling against money, and not against metaphysical evil. An attempt at exorcism is out of place. Money coerces those who possess it as well as those who have none. It forces the powerful to act in ways that are consistent with getting, keeping, expanding their control over money. In other words, while King was fighting for dignity and freedom, his opponents could concede only such shares of those good things as cost next to no money, or whose cost could conveniently be shifted to the blacks themselves.

Toward the end of his life, Martin Luther King began to understand the nature of his opponents. He attacked the war in Vietnam, the great Asian rathole down which the working people of America have been induced to pour their earnings, and he organized a so-called Poor People's March. It was time for him to be killed, Mr. Williams suggests. And, as we know, there is a special providence, alluded to in Mr. Williams's title, that takes care of these matters when the time comes.

The author of this book more or less formally contests the efficacy of nonviolence as a weapon of political and social struggle, and in doing so he expresses the frustration and disillusionment of many of the black citizens of the United States. His reasons are the supposedly innate racism of the whites, which will not yield to anything short of violence, and the received notion that genuine social change cannot be accomplished without force because the masters will always defend their privileges with the armed power of the state. There is much to be said on both heads. Here I would suggest only that racism, too, is to a great extent a question of economics in our society; it is the expression of certain relations of power, and with us power is in the last analysis economic power—black millionaires suffer less from the effects of racism than black laborers. Also, in a modern state power is so organized that it can resist armed insurrection more easily than it can the mass demonstration backed by boycott and general strike. That was the lesson of Paris in May of 1968.



"No matter what ecological data we feed in, the print-out always reads: 'It's too late to save me, just save yourself.'"

Emile Capouya is a free-lance critic who frequently writes on political and social injustice.

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Thematic Skeletons

Continued from page 45

gious, modest, direct, and free as Dad is liberal, free-thinking, prideful, facetious, and bound—sever the easy and familiar ties and set out on his own.

Though I trust Snow to refrain from writing a multivolumned sequel on the life of Charles Eliot, I cannot disclaim interest in his fate. As Eliot, a poor boy, broke through barriers of caste in the Twenties and Thirties, so young Eliot, a rich one, breaks with both the repressive strictures of paranoid society and the shibboleths of peer groups, to display an individualism admirably mature and actively optimistic.

The ending comes off despite a plethora of problems that must be solved in the customarily reasonable way. The most immediate of these (occupying the long middle part of the novel) is a second bout of surgery for a detached retina, after which Eliot, if I read Snow's symbols correctly, gains clearer insights into himself, existence, and the imminence of death. Paralleling Eliot's private troubles are the family ones. An offer of a junior ministry gives the public and professional Eliot a chance to debate its pros and cons (he turns it down); but, more, it gives Snow the chance to send him searching after advice from his superannuated ex-bureau chief, Hector Rose, from his brother Martin (two ideals of life compared), and from Francis Getliffe (a nostalgic last look at Cambridge, setting of *The Masters* and *The Affair,* and the old crowd). At each stage Eliot reflects on the generation gap, the directions of government, the function of the university, and on the more durable problems of the choices open to reasonable, honest men, the individual's effectiveness in the pyramidal power structure, and the course of the future. In the final balance the future looks bright; Eliot's satisfaction at having helped bring about certain changes outweighs his regrets at not having brought about others, and he can "go to sleep, looking forward to tomorrow."

Capping as it does a fifty-year panorama of the crises of an individual, his country, and his world, *Last Things* remains healthily and hopefully open-ended, uncluttered with day-of-judgment visions. Snow, a perennial reconstructionist, fights shy of warnings of disintegrating values such as those in Hermann Broch's *Sleepwalkers* trilogy, and he is wary of the "after me the deluge" cry sounded by Zola in *La Débâcle.* Unlike Soames Forsyte of Galsworthy's *A Modern Comedy,* Eliot sings no swan song for an age that has turbulently rushed by, nor does he retreat, like Proust's Marcel, into esthetics because he cannot face realities. Snow writes about decay only as one part of change; growth is another, and both are part of the historic process.

To history, the final arbiter, C. P. Snow looks to supply the last word on "last things," and to his enlightened men of good will—men who, like himself, are thinkers before they are artists—to grapple and wrestle with the inevitable processes of change. One would like to feel, though it daily grows more difficult, that Snow is not too optimistic with too little cause. Should time prove his optimism justified, however, one may uncover between the lines of his dutifully marching prose more truths than in all the crackling rhetoric of handbooks by Che or Mao, and as many provocative insights as in the anti-utopian novels of Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Anthony Burgess, or Yevgeny Zamyatin.

In any event, Snow will be remembered, I think, for giving us in the Lewis Eliots of our century possible models of privileged intellect worthy of emulation. He will also be remembered for nearly persuading us that every time is a "time of hope," but mainly for setting out those monolithic foundations of morality and conscience upon which men can build, not as strangers but as brothers.

WHEN THE FIRE REACHES US

by Barbara Wilson Tinker

Morrow, 255 pp., $6.95

SNAKES

by Al Young

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 149 pp., $4.95

THE BEACH UMBRELLA

by Cyrus Colter

University of Iowa Press, 225 pp., $5

THE THIRD LIFE OF GRANGE COPELAND

by Alice Walker

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 247 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Josephine Hendin

■ Can one still shed tears for blacks of the lower middle class? Is their misery too ordinary, their suffering too quiet to arouse the compassion of an age addicted to extremes of violence? Can we, after our adulation of Eldridge Cleaver, still feel that Uncle Tom was human, too; had a tragedy of his own inviting more than contempt? These four black writers would quietly say yes. Their novels explore the agony of

"Is this the way you plan to spend your peak learning years?"

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the respectable and reveal those forces that give decency a horror all its own.

When the Fire Reaches Us is set in Detroit during the summer of the great riot. But, even in flames, Barbara Tinker's Detroit is like a quiet Southern town, filled with decent, gentle people. Even Maybelle, the prostitute, is a solid working girl: "Now I want to make it clear that Maybelle is not one of your trashy whores who hooks for the fun of it. She is in the business strictly as a way to make a living and she is a very ladylike individual." And indeed she is. In fact, all of Mrs. Tinker's characters are ladies and gentlemen who, though they feel themselves victims of white atrocities, never lose their Christian charity. "How come white folks hate us so much? We ain't never done nothing to them, has we?" is the closest one woman can come to outrage at the police's murder of a black child.

Clearly, the author meant to tell her story from the point of view of those who would not burn or loot, but instead cared for children displaced by the fires. The narrator-hero, Danny, and his wise old mentor, Uncle Ambrose, do not waste their lives in bitterness against whites. Ambrose has learned to live without "letting that Man get under his skin." He has also lived without letting a woman or his adopted son get under it either. In fact, Danny and Ambrose exist without any strong feeling at all. They are helpful and kind; they ask nothing for themselves from blacks or whites. And they are, in the most profound sense, alone.

A pall lies over this novel, a spell that turns all its characters into the living dead. Mrs. Tinker is so intent on establishing the good works of her heroes that she never sees how hard won is their goodness, or at what deep levels it was forged. Their very deadness suggests how dearly they have paid for their equanimity.

If emotional aridity is the price for living in Mrs. Tinker's Detroit, it is also the price Al Young's hero pays for getting along with his grandmother. *Snakes* starts out as the tale of how MC, a Detroit high school student, discovers jazz. But it quickly turns into a tedious success story of how "Snakes," a song MC wrote and recorded, becomes a local hit. Although Young's inert, stifling prose rarely conveys the rhythm or texture of the music MC tells you he loves, it is well suited to conveying MC's reaction to the grandmother who reared him, "the last person in the world [he] would want to hurt."

All this woman asks of MC is that he "mind her," finish high school, and "make something" of his life. But at the book's end, when MC gets on a bus for two weeks alone in New York, he realizes with great surprise: "For the first time in my life I don't feel trapped . . . and I'm going to try and make this feeling last for as long as I can." Had MC reached that state earlier in the novel, the book might have been less tepid. As it is, MC avoids conflict of any kind. In the process of "minding" his grandmother, but not letting her get under his skin, he becomes too thick-skinned even to sense how cramped he is.

Snakes and *When the Fire Reaches Us* are themselves in the throes of precisely that constriction which proves fatal to Uncle Ambrose. One suspects that, like MC, Mrs. Tinker and Young are "minding" some symbolic grandmother, some force of tradition that exerts a terrible pressure to be "correct" and "nice." But novels that are too "nice" to look searchingly at human conflict or passion are doomed to miss the point of both.

In contrast, Cyrus Colter, who began to write ten years ago at the age of fifty, makes brilliant fiction out of uptightness, exploring the disease with the awareness and precision of a first-rate clinician. *The Beach Umbrella* is a remarkable collection of stories about the isolation and emptiness of the lower-middle-class black, and of those who rise to wealth and social prominence only to find the same despair at the very center of themselves. Whether his characters are rich or poor, lusting after expensive clothes or unattainable women, all are crushed by a sense that some vital force is missing from their lives. And this consciousness of loss most affects those industrious family men for whom life is an endless series of obligations.

Elijah in the title story is a white-collar worker who is ridiculed by his wife for not taking a more lucrative factory job. The more she complains, the more he yearns for his Saturdays on a beach at the edge of Lake Michigan, where he finds "life": those laughing, joking people whom he observes from afar seem to contain all the world's mirth under their beach umbrellas. Chased away from their parties, Elijah takes money from his hard-working twelve-year-old son to buy a beach umbrella of his own, and the day a group gathers around his umbrella he comes as close as he can to joy.

Colter powerfully conveys the fervor of Elijah's longing, and the force with which his emotional tightness strangles his single day of fulfillment. This is a fine and tragic tale of how deadening are the ways of decency, and how hard it is to ward off gloom.

The depletion of love and the erosion of the sources of affection are the themes of Alice Walker's *The Third Life of Grange Copeland*, a powerful story about three generations of a black family in rural Georgia. This novel has heroes and villains. The villains are those who have a genius for hate, but no capacity for love. The heroes acquire the ability to care deeply for another human being.

Brownfield Copeland, whose mother kills herself in despair when his father abandons her, grows up hungry and unloved. Throughout his marriage his unsatisfied need for protection persists, although for a while his wife passionately mothers him: "as the babies . . . sucked and nursed at her bosom, so did he, and grew big and grew firm with love, and grew strong." But Brownfield's life has not made him able to care deeply for her. When babies become numerous, and debts grow faster than cotton, he begins to loathe her. "Every Saturday night he beat her, trying to pin the blame for his failure on her by imprinting it on her face. . . ."

Miss Walker skillfully depicts Brownfield turning into a murderous, whining beast. Her sympathy, however, is plainly with his wife, with all black women, whom she sees as the victims of both whites and their own husband's rage. Women are not broken by poverty, the author seems to imply, but she never probes the impact of poverty on Brownfield's inner life, or the psychic starvation that makes him so unable to love. Brownfield appears to have an intense self-hatred; to him black is anything but beautiful. Miss Walker hates his self-hatred too much to dissect it.

At one time the self-hatred of Brownfield's father, Grange Copeland, was so intense that he could not bring himself to touch his son. But when he discovered in New York that he hated whites even more, that he could act on his hatred and preach it in the streets, Grange lost his self-loathing. By beating up as many whites as he could, he presumably glimpsed his own worth. Now an old man, he is able to return to Georgia and feel love for his granddaughter.

Miss Walker disappoints by explaining Grange's conversion in political clichés. Do militant slogans really cure a sense of failure so great it inhibits a man from touching his own son? Has any man's soul ever been healed by politics? Miss Walker's solution ignores the depth and force of the loveless agony she describes.

Josephine Hendin, who teaches "Fiction Now" at the New School, is the author of "The World of Flannery O'Connor," published last spring.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 50: cadres, cedars, scared, sacred.

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Books for Young People

Continued from page 53

communist. This action, like others in his career, the biographer neither defends nor apologizes for, but attempts to interpret. A good study of one of the greatest black leaders, about whom there is comparatively little material for young people. Ages 12-16.

Viva Chicano. *By Frank Bonham. Dutton.* 179 *pp.* $4.50. Joaquín (Keeny) remembers the loving father who taught him to be proud of being a Mexican, a Chicano, but that was long ago. Since then, his termagant, rejecting mother has had many husbands, and Keeny has been in and out of juvenile courts. Seventeen and on parole, he runs away when his younger brother falls from a window and Keeny is accused of pushing him. Bitterly he mulls over the fact that he is always assumed to be guilty, until, spurred by an inner voice and some hope offered by a parole officer, he gives himself up. This taut and exciting book pictures with blistering candor the plight of the fringe delinquent who must combat gang pressure, suspicious authorities, the temptation of easy escape via drugs, and the exacerbations of a crowded, unhappy home. Ages 13-16.

Mia. *By Robert Nathan. Knopf.* 182 *pp.* $4.95. Living alone in his quiet Cape Cod home, an elderly writer encounters two women. Emmeline, his neighbor, is lonely and middle-aged, afraid of the growing depth of her own feelings about Thomas, wanting love yet fearing it. Mia is a young girl who appears mysteriously, always alone, often talking resentfully about "her." She is vibrantly alive but quite convinced that she will not live. The story moves slowly; the accruing evidence that Mia is the ghost of Emmeline's girlhood is sometimes awkwardly handled, and the development is imbued with a mysticism that is only partially effective. The structure is tight, the characters believable, and the mood sustained, but the combination of fragile plot, deliberate pace, and uneven writing detract from the whole. For young adults.

Lost Names. *By Richard E. Kim. Praeger.* 195 *pp.* $5.95. Richard Kim's father had been a leader in the resistance movement against the Japanese through the long years of occupation, and he accepted with outward stoicism the indignities suffered by the Korean people. His son's recollections of that time, when he was a schoolboy, have a compelling impact: the forced labor, the biased teaching, the enforced obedience to the Japanese Emperor, and the bitter shame of having to give up Korean family names and adopt Japanese ones. The book closes with the liberation: "Today, this night, the town is at last OURS. Today, this night, I join the ranks of men in the making of history—together." This memorable document of courage and endurance is written with clarity and vigor, pierced with moments of poignant love and the blazing resentment of the young. For young adults.

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As Others See Us

LONDON:

Primitive, Chaotic, and Uncivilized

FOR A COUNTRY SO rich in enlightened lawyers and criminologists, the United States puts up with a penal system that is, by and large, remarkably primitive, chaotic, and uncivilized. Modern convention dictates that the system be called not penal but "correctional," but the word expresses for the most part no more than a pious hope: As they actually exist, the prisons punish and do not correct; they make more criminals than they reform. Causes and remedies are argued about vehemently, but the fact does not admit of much debate that the streets and the prisons between them are turning out criminals faster than they can be isolated from society. As crime mounts, the argument about how to stop it grows more heated.

—*The Economist.*

Statesmanlike Approach

NOISY CRITICS of the United States should pause to consider America's moderate, patient diplomacy in the Middle East. Despite increased Soviet support of the Arabs, the Americans have refused to be provoked into counteraction on behalf of Israel. Instead, they have quietly pursued their plans for a peaceful solution—even at the risk of alienating their Jewish allies. The Russians seem at last to be responding to this statesmanlike approach by urging caution on the Arabs. No swift end to the Middle East crisis is to be expected. But if a settlement is achieved, it will owe a great deal to the efforts of the United States.

—*Daily Express.*

MANCHESTER:

To Keep Thieu in Business

IN AN UNEXPECTED turnabout in U.S. policy, President Nixon has decided that now is not the time to press for economic Vietnamization. Worried by rising prices and political unrest in Saigon, the White House has concluded that the United States must pay more to keep the Thieu government in business—if military Vietnamization is to have a chance of working.

The decision was made in the teeth of protest from inside the American mission in Saigon and may be disliked by Congress. It is a victory for Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, and above all a victory for President Nguyen Van Thieu, who believes that as the Americans pull out he is set for a long and expensive war. The change in the U.S. attitude must give at least a temporary fillip to those who put their faith in a military solution.

—*The Guardian Weekly.*

PARIS:

"The American Way of Love"

BECAUSE DENMARK has so far been the only country to give official recognition to the so-called sexual revolution, it is —perhaps unjustly—considered the world's most important source of pornography. . . .

But [the Danish exhibition is] clumsy compared to the vast, streamlined output in the United States. All the know-how, technical efficiency, financial resources, and marketing refinements available to Americans are pressed into service by these new-style apothecaries dispensing their civet to stir weary imaginations. Since U.S. presence is inescapable—even in the remotest corners of the world—there is every possibility that this "American way of love," with all that it implies, may one day be no less universal a phenomenon than pop music.

—*Michel Legris, Le Monde.*

AMSTERDAM:

It May Be Too Late

THE COMBINATION of the fast growth of a national opposition and the chance that a serious crisis may soon develop in Indochina creates a very dangerous situation. What means are left for escalating the war in Indochina but the use of tactical nuclear weapons?

If such weapons are employed, the reaction will be strong both inside and outside America. Embassies will be raided, there will be street riots, and China and Russia will have to act. All this may stir up a xenophobic reaction in America. The chances of a military coup there grow stronger.

Two years ago, I thought such a coup impossible; but now a two-week visit in the U.S.A. has frightened me. Confusion, fear, and insanity are just beneath the surface.

The possibility is not to be excluded that the combined forces of the still widely divergent factions of the opposition can save America. But it may be too late. In any case, the allies of the

Close the 49th Parallel

CANADA IS A VERY VALUABLE PART of the American empire. Most of the untapped resources in the world are located in backward, nonindustrialized, politically unstable, and usually hostile countries. Canada is one of the few countries that have a great frontier of untapped resources and are at the same time highly industrialized, with a stable government friendly to the United States. The financial burden of maintaining access to strategic new materials, in terms of economic and military aid, is very slight. The possibility of these resources being cut off is slim; moreover, Canada offers a northward extension of the U.S. market for manufactured goods, which is served largely by the Canadian subsidiaries of the U.S. multinational corporations. In general, American corporate ownership of Canadian resources guarantees, perpetuates, and strengthens a hinterland economy: Our resource industry is developed by giant U.S. companies to supply American industry with raw materials; our manufacturing industry is developed by them to supply the limited Canadian domestic market. The so-called staples theory, which is commonly used to explain economic growth in Canada, is really a pseudonym for a special kind of imperial relationship.

To get a proper perspective of Canada's relationship to the United States, we should bear in mind that capitalism is an international rather than a national system; that at the center of this international system is the United States, just as England, France, and Holland were in earlier periods. The entire capitalist world—including the West European countries, their colonies, and their spheres of influence—is profoundly influenced by the movements of the American economy. What distinguishes Canada (and Latin America) within this international system is the extent to which we have become tied to the American metropolis.

—*"Foreign Ownership and Political Decay" by C. W. Gonick.*

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United States can also play an important role by pressing for a statement that under no circumstances will nuclear weapons be used in Indochina.

—G. van Benthem van den Bergh, De Groene Amsterdammer.

MOSCOW:

U.S. Policy in South Korea

THE PENTAGON has declared that a portion of the 64,000 U.S. troops occupying South Korea will be withdrawn. It is not difficult to understand that such a statement was made for propaganda.

It has become plain to everyone that the U.S. imperialist and colonialist policy for Asia has not undergone any changes. The new Asia policy of U.S. imperialism is to suppress the national struggle of peoples fighting for freedom and independence. This is directly reflected in Washington's policy in South Korea, which is regarded as a militarily strategic base of U.S. imperialism against the Asian continent.

If the United States partially withdraws its occupation forces from South Korea as stated, what conclusions can we draw? Of course, there can be no changes whatsoever. First of all, several thousand U.S. troops will remain in South Korea to man U.S. military bases. Furthermore, as Secretary of Defense Laird stated, the equipment of the South Korean puppet army totaling 660,000 men will be strengthened. The Pentagon will extend military aid amounting to $100-million to the Seoul puppets. . . . While the Pentagon speaks of withdrawing U.S. forces from a certain area of Asia, it is using this pretext for aggression.

—Radio Moscow, 1330 GMT.

TAIPEI:

East Asian Anti-Communist Alliance

AN ALLIANCE of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand could spare American casualties in Southeast Asia.

The present Communist strategy of taking over Southeast Asia emphasizes military rather than political victory. A Communist political threat exists only where there are Communist military forces. The West has often magnified the Communist political threat.

Turmoil in Indochina is mainly due to the failure of Vietnam, Thailand, Cambodia, and Laos to prevent Communist military infiltration. If these countries unite militarily and are given logistical support—preferably American—Communist forces in Southeast Asia would be defeated and further American bloodshed prevented.

—Min Tzu Evening News.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Fifty-Fifty Chance

THE CARE of our environment will be one of the foremost responsibilities of the new government. Not only must environmental quality be nurtured, but its capacity to sustain life must be safeguarded. President Nixon's adviser Dr. Daniel P. Moynihan has warned Americans that their very existence "may have even less than a fifty-fifty chance of continuing until 1980." U Thant has referred to the environmental crisis as probably the greatest danger mankind has ever faced.

—Peter Scott, The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

No Similarity

FOR MANY YEARS NOW we Canadians have been debating the pros and cons of our close association with the United States. Often when Canadians remark that we are different from Americans, it is suggested that the difference is tenuous at best, and that we, as Canadians, are really very much like Americans; that Canada is virtually the same as the United States; that it is silly for two countries so much alike to be separated by an artificial border. . . .

[However], Canada is *not* like the United States and Canadians are *not* like Americans. Our culture, tradition, heritage, history, and political processes are drastically different from those of the United States. And for those that would see Canada even more closely associated with the United States, I can only say look at the country you wish closer association with and see the quality and value of life that that closer association offers. Think only about the way that protest against a government's policy is made to appear as treason and you will see the value of living in Canada. When did we last have a man of George Wallace's stature run for our highest political office, polling ten million votes (14 per cent of the total popular vote)? Where is our Chicago 1968? Where is our Chicago 1970? On the stage with Alice in Wonderland where it belongs. If we really cherish peace, order, and good government, let us make certain we stay drastically different from "our friendly neighbor to the south."

—Bill McNamara, The Globe and Mail, Toronto.

Vietnam's Tiger Cages

THE TIGER CAGES are not an isolated case. There is irrefutable evidence from the most reliable sources (including the U.S. Study Team report and the Quaker white paper of last year) that the Saigon government is repressive and corrupt. Prisons and detention centers in South Vietnam hold countless men, women, and even children, often without trial, in the most deplorable conditions, and frequently subjected to torture. Of what use will it serve if the Saigon authorities investigate the tiger cages, or even abolish them? Ill-treatment and injustice will continue until there is a more enlightened government in power. This can never be while America backs Thieu and Ky with massive military and financial aid.

—J. Jemmett, New Statesman, London.

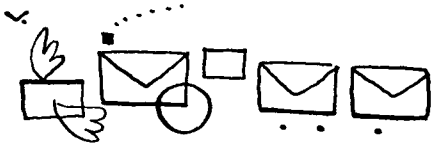
"Who's Who"

I WAS MOST INTERESTED in Malcolm Muggeridge's remark that "appearing in *Who's Who* is one of life's mysteries. Who decides, and on what basis, no one seems to know." My brother, the late Cyril Swinson, who was a director of A. and C. Black Ltd., the publishers, held editorial responsibility for this work of reference for some years, and when we were discussing it one day I asked him point-blank what was the criterion for selection.

His reply was: "The basic qualification, which my predecessors evolved and I have followed, is three mentions in the columns of *The Times*." He went on to explain that once a person came into the "selection zone," inquiries were made, and if he were thought fit and proper, a formal invitation was dispatched.

Apparently some columns carried more weight than others, and I recall my brother saying quite definitely that letters in *The Times* did not count, and people writing them in the belief that they did were wasting their time.

—Arthur Swinson. The Observer, London.



The Starting Point

UNDER THE HEADING "Prosperity and Disease" the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* recently published a highly interesting report about a lecture delivered by Professor Jores (Hamburg) at a physicians' convention in Nuremberg.

"The monotony of mechanized labor," Professor Jores said, "has developed an ever increasing huge army of chronically diseased and discontent persons, of alcoholics, and of people with suicidal tendencies. In order to live happily and cheerfully, man of the technological age has to dedicate his spare time to the development of his physical and spiritual responsibility."

It is doubtful whether those who are directly concerned can summon up their will to conquer passivity and indulgence in comfort. This is the starting point from which the problem should be attacked.

—Johannes Müller-Karsten, Frankfurter Allgemeine.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

FANTASY LIFE: I am not against the young. I think the world is against them and that parents lean with the world. We wish them well, of course. We have serious talks with them in which we beg them "to prepare for a future." In most parental glossaries "to prepare for a future" means "to make sure of an income, to acquire a wife we approve of, and to beget a grandchild we can dandle until we get bored and turn the brat back to its parents for maintenance." In another translation "to prepare for a future" means "to be us all over again." We say "future" but we mean the past.

Then when the young accuse us of hypocrisy we bristle. "You are not being fair to your mother and me," says Father Oaf, as if his one hunger in life were to stand to justice.

It isn't justice I ask, but I will beg mercy. Arrogance is the condition of thinking in which we could survive justice if it came looking for us. No thanks. I have no taste for justice, and I have seldom been sure where it lies, though I sense it must go against us all once enough is known about us. I have reached the age at which a man develops a taste for mercy.

Our parents, somewhere between justice and mercy, demanded what they called "respect." I am not sure they were more entitled to it than we are, but they must have been naturally wiser, or better adjusted—or is it simply that they lived in a more favorable climate of customs?—for they got the respect they demanded. Respect, I submit, is a good parent-child relationship where there is affection, and an indispensable one where there is none. Respect is, of course, based on the antiquated notion of parental authority, and any authority can be abused. Yet, in a choice of evils (or, at least, of nuisances) let me wonder if parental abuse of authority may not be a shade better for family life than filial abuse of permission. The aged are at least inclined to a touch of reticence. Personally, I have despaired of teaching my young how much I long for a touch of reticence.

Righteousness is no conceivable substitute for reticence. Is it only in our time that children—like Jacobins, anarchists, and suffragettes—have been so assured of their righteousness as to feel they owe nothing to good manners? It is the young nowadays who demand respect from parents unworthy of it themselves.

As I say, I am not against the young. The best of them, as I see it, are maddened by a dark awareness of the world we have blighted for them. If lesser ones among them ape for pleasure the gestures of a reasoned rebellion, such aping is an understandable sort of moral contagion, and what are parents for if not to understand?

May the young somehow mend in their time the world we have ripped in ours. I have small hope that my generation can rethink the world to better ends. Perhaps—if our errors leave them time enough—the young can begin what we cannot. If the young are not right we have little left on which to fly any flag. I want them to be right. May I note, however, that rightness—especially loud rightness—is hard to live with.

I am back to begging for mercy. It is in the hope of small mercies that I have jotted down the following excerpt from my fantasy life for my sons (and perhaps yours) to read and, under thin disguise, to recognize. May their recognition include both the tone of the young oaf's tantrum and the plea of the old oaf's insistence.

* * * *

"Your lousy generation," exclaimed Junior-home-from-Olympus-University, "is guilty of starting three wars!"

"I personally," said an unidentified parent, "started only two of them, but as of now I am starting an embargo that could lead to a third. The embargo started at that door. If you will be good enough to move your carcass to the other side of the door, it will be my pleasure to turn the key in the lock and to knock you down if you ever again attempt to enter without a) your hat in your hand, and b) a firm grasp on the word 'sir.' "

"You're a lousy Fascist!"

"I am a lousy oligarch, and I have just canceled your allowance."

"If that's the way you feel I'll go spend the night with Joe Smith."

"Fine. Where will you spend the next night?"

"I'll go to Chicago and stay with Fred. In fact, I'll go right now."

"You have my blessing. When do you start?"

"I'll need some lousy plane fare."

"And a ride to the airport?"

"I don't want your ride. I'll take a lousy cab."

"I'll call it for you."

"I'll need taxi fare."

"Cancel one phone call. How about a road map?"

"I can't very well walk to Chicago, can I?"

"A man who starts wars doesn't worry about how refugees get from place to place."

"Still leaning on your moneybags, Fascist?"

"Just padlocking them, panhandler."

"You have to support me till I'm twenty-one!"

"I'll sign to that. You get clothing—of my choosing—a bed, three meals a day, and unlimited snacks for one year, two months, and—let me see the calendar—eight days."

"No allowance?"

"From a Fascist?—Be reasonable."

"How do I get back to college?"

"I've already offered you a road map."

"All right, damn it, I won't go back!"

"I don't feel I have the right to compel you to."

"Well, I can't go without money."

"A reasonable thought."

"You really mean you're shutting me off?"

"Remember who the Fascist is."

"I'm your *son*!"

"You have the advantage. I am only your father and can't demand bed and board from you."

"Are you serious?"

"Try me."

"But you can't!"

"Try me."

"Dad—cut it out!"

"Oh, come now. We're way beyond that 'Dad' stuff. Besides, Fascists like to be called 'sir.' "

"Sir—are you serious?"

"I am adamant, but the sound of that 'sir' softens me."

"Sir—are you going to let me go back to college?"

"You mean with a weekly allowance?"

"Yes, of course—Sir."

"Contingent on the frequent use of the word 'sir' as a form of address?"

"I guess so—Sir."

"On further condition that the word be used without that particular pause and stress, but always as an easy and normal part of the everyday vocabulary, I could even be persuaded to up the allowance."

"Dad!—You mean it, Sir?"

"Yessir. I do mean it, Sir."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

A Matter of Taste

No one ever went broke, according to H. L. Mencken, by underestimating the taste of the American public. Mencken had a lot going for him, but at this point it is time to wonder if the studios, desperate to avoid bankruptcy, are not perhaps taking his observation too literally. While taste is completely a personal matter, bad taste is as palpable and immediately recognizable in a movie as it is in the mouth. And these days the screen seems afflicted with a kind of cinematic halitosis.

Nudity, for example, is not in itself necessarily offensive; but when in *Move* (from the studio that brought you *Myra Breckinridge* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*) Elliott Gould nervously averts his eyes from a young woman breast feeding her baby, we feel that in all decency the camera should also. It doesn't, and that's bad taste. Then Gould peeks again and sees a third breast where formerly there had been two—and that's worse taste, particularly since the baby is still happily sucking away on one of them. A natural function is being perverted and exploited.

Nor is sexual activity beyond all possibility of tasteful handling. Men and women have been sharing the same bed for a good many years now, both in and out of the movies, and no one is the worse for it. But in *Lovers and Other Strangers*, produced by television's self-appointed arbiter of liberal sensibilities, David Susskind, the attitudes toward seduction and marriage are identical—which is to say that both are viewed as a means to an identical end. Indeed, much of the film's forced humor has more to do with the stratagems of getting a girl into bed than with what goes on once she gets there.

Based on a play (three one-acters, really) by Joseph Bologna and Renee Taylor, the screenplay—written with an assist from David Zelag Goodman—attempts to combine three stories that have no thematic connection. One concerns a young Italian boy about to marry, albeit reluctantly, into a wealthy Irish family. (His reluctance stems from the fact that he has been living with their daughter quite cheerfully for some time.) Another centers upon his lower-middle-class family and its pragmatic attitude toward all marriages; while the third, tied in by a mere membrane of consanguinity, follows a pathetic playboy's attempts to seduce an even more pathetic girl.

With no centripetal force to bind these stories together, the film rapidly disintegrates into a series of easy—and often ugly—laughs. Carrying the disintegration further are its inconsistencies of style and accent. Gig Young plays the wealthy father as farce comedy, while Richard Castellano offers a stolid Italian father that is straight out of early Paddy Chayefsky, including the accent. Yet precisely because his scenes ring so true, everything else seems false. Symptomatic of the film's basic lack of taste, however, is a seduction scene in which Robert Dishy has his date, Marian Hailey, stripped down to bra and panties. After a tussle, the bra has slipped up, exposing the lower half of Miss Hailey's right breast. Ordinarily, such a scene would be reshot. Not here. Anything for a laugh is obviously director Cy Howard's favorite motto.

Even perversion can have dramatic validity; but perversion exploited for its own sake, as in *Performance*, represents perhaps the nadir of tastelessness. Made in England, the film stars rock singer Mick Jagger, a cherry-lipped, pouty youth with drug-haunted eyes and wild, long locks, who gives sanctuary to a killer (James Fox, badly cast) fleeing from his own mob. For reasons never made clear, Jagger and his two henchwomen decide to humble their refugee by setting him on drugs, then putting him through every form of sexual humiliation they (or writer-director Donald Cammell) could conceive of, occasionally interrupted by a couple of choruses from Jagger. The ending seems purposely—and purposelessly—mystifying. *Performance* is a picture without a single visible excuse for its existence.

In contrast to these, *Up in the Cellar*, which is also heavily sex-oriented, demonstrates neatly—and a little wickedly—that when sexual material is handled with some wit and awareness of human frailties the results can be quite entrancing. A college boy, out to avenge himself on the pompous, ambitious, and duplicitous college president who has not only refused him a scholarship but prevented him from committing suicide, quickly discovers that the president's Achilles' heel is the women in his life—his daughter, his wife, and his black mistress. The youth sweet-talks the daughter into posing nude for his "underground" movies. He seduces the wife by feigning an interest in astrology; and wins over the mistress by posing—improbably—as a Negro with unfortunate genes. It all works out happily for everyone, including the audience. Wes Stern is a delight as the boy, Larry Hagman is flawless as the sexy prexy, and writer-director Theodore J. Flicker maintains the precarious balance between good taste and strong, sardonic satire. If our movies today must have sex—and it seems they do—may it always be entrusted to hands as dexterous and unsweaty as Flicker's.

"Welcome to the Pepsi generation!"

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Open Conspiracy

CBS NEWS put an inaccurate title on its recent notable broadcast in which dissident Soviet intellectuals courageously presented themselves, in filmed interviews, to American television viewers and forthrightly condemned their government for using repressive, terroristic methods to silence political criticism of the regime. The program was called *Voices from the Russian Underground*—a title that suggests secrecy and conspiracy.

The remarkable characteristic of the statements by Pioris Yakir, Andre Amalrik, Vladimir Bukovsky—all writers—was their complete openness and lack of secrecy. These men are known to the Soviet police: They have been arrested for speaking freely before (Amalrik was rearrested as a direct consequence of the CBS filming), and they expect to be arrested and sent to labor camps or mental hospitals (essentially political prisons).

Bill Cole, former CBS News bureau chief in Moscow (who was expelled for filming the interviews), several times asked Yakir, Amalrik, and Bukovsky to reconsider their action, to withdraw their requests that the films be shown in the United States—but they insisted. "There's no going back," Yakir said. "We're trying to publicize every arrest, every dismissal. . . . They'll beat us, and they'll kill us. All the same, people will go on thinking differently."

The writers elaborated on the picture of a spreading dissident "democratic movement" among young, well-educated Soviet citizens. Information is passed along through a system of hand-typed "chronicles." The authorities, the dissidents assert, can no longer control it; furthermore, the police are afraid to repress it with more brutal terror, for if they revive Stalinist methods the repressors, too, may be caught up in the terror. Also, authorities fear such measures might produce worker apathy at a time when the government is seeking to provide incentives for increases in production.

Also heard on the CBS News program was a voice recording of Alexander Ginzburg that was smuggled out of a labor camp where the celebrated writer was imprisoned in 1967 for protesting political trials of other writers. He spoke of the recent deaths of sixteen political prisoners. "Nevertheless, we hope to hold out," his voice declared. "We are sustained . . . by the wrath, protest, and solidarity of all honest people, of all who hold dear the dignity of man, democracy, and peace. In decisive resistance to modern barbarism I see the only real guarantee that the rights of man will be observed, here and throughout the world." It was a distinguished, moving broadcast, and it has displeased the Soviet government, which, through its Washington representatives, tried to persuade CBS News to cancel its promised presentation. The network had invited a Soviet spokesman to appear on the program along with two American Kremlinologists, Patricia Blake and Abraham Brumberg, but the Soviets declined.

The American government will probably exploit the journalistic coup by making copies of the program and distributing it widely here and abroad to score points in the cold war. CBS News people say they can't help this: Bill Cole was doing a journalist's job; the network chose to pay the price of indefinite exile from Moscow in order to get this important journalistic and political "first." The realpolitik aspects of the event, though, should not obscure its deeper human dimensions. What is so profoundly significant about the program is that fifty years of Soviet education, designed to produce the new Soviet man, utterly loyal to his government, should have produced a modern version of the Christian martyr among the Communist elite.

It was Toynbee who observed that communism is a Christian heresy; Marxism an emotional and intellectual substitute for Christian orthodoxy. The early Christian martyrs, too, were no secret conspirators. As John Henry Newman wrote, believers "were seen equally to defy the powers of darkness to do their worst. . . . They cheered and ran forward to meet [the enemy's] attack." The comparison may send shivers of revulsion down the spines of Communists and Christians alike; and yet here are rational, twentieth-century atheists behaving exactly like the fervent theists that toppled Rome in seven or eight generations. Newman postulated the power that did it as "a sense of the unseen." Maybe in all ages, in all circumstances, it is a human virtue that always arises as a direct consequence of terror.

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Where Doctors Fail

Continued from page 23

paid group practice on a salary-plus-incentive basis [see page 25]. And the AMA should set regional guidelines that will result in restraints on the pricing mechanism for doctors' services. The free-market economy and the tenets of laissez-faire have not, cannot, and will not work for setting physicians' fees.

The AMA also should support consumer participation on committees to review quality control and utilization of services. Obviously, physicians must be the chief arbiters in such matters, but the nonexpert has a relatively unfettered mind, can ask simple questions and expect logical answers, and his vested interests can balance those of the professional. Regional planning by doctors, lay people, and official health agencies also should receive AMA support. Too often such planning groups have failed because doctors have insisted on complete control and then been unable to supply the leadership.

In addition, the AMA should vigorously support full financing of medical schools and teaching hospitals, including their research programs. Of $63-billion a year the country spends on health, about $1.5-billion is devoted to medical research and development. This is not a lush investment ratio when one looks at the benefits of eradicating polio, curing certain forms of cancer, or cutting the mortality from heart attacks in half. To advance knowledge and markedly increase the output of medical schools, we must stabilize their financing.

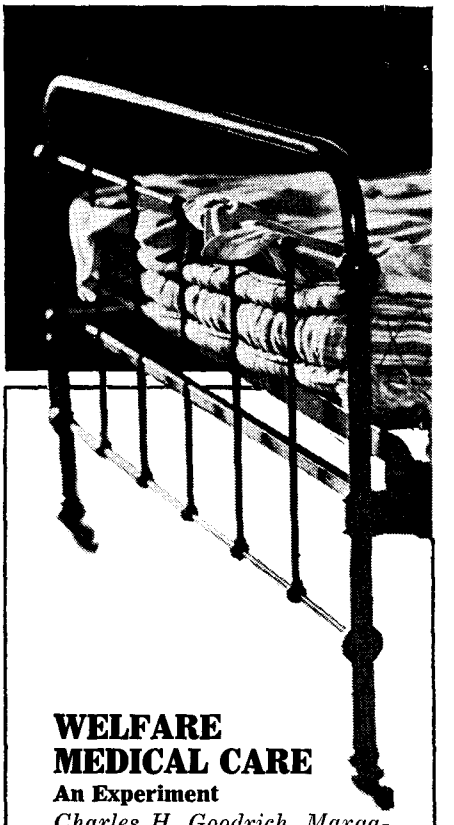
Finally, the AMA should join with other organizations to stimulate development of new systems of health service delivery that stress better distribution, accessibility, cost containment, and increased quantity without sacrificing quality. At its 1970 annual meeting the AMA allocated $1-million to develop health projects in an urban ghetto (in Philadelphia) and in a rural area yet to be named. This is a hopeful development.

The AMA does much in the public interest. Its Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence has done a great deal to alert the citizenry and to develop public policy on these two major threats to national health. Similarly, state and county medical societies have seized the initiative in solving obvious problems. Innovations such as the Washington State Medical Society's joint program with medical school interests to develop physician assistants [see page 25] and the Sacramento County, California, Medical Society's CHAP program to strengthen hospital utilization reviews also are noteworthy. We need more of this if the private practice of medicine and our voluntary hospitals are to survive and be strengthened. Let us hope that the progressive spirit underlying these programs will become contagious and that the political and economic muscle of organized medicine can be turned to solving instead of perpetuating the urgent health problems we face.

Make Room

by Andrew Glaze

I want to finish redecorating.
To be able to ask Death into my house,
show him the chairs,
the table I made myself,
crack him a walnut,
(give him the good part)
introduce him to my children,
offer him a drink.
Which of us is the sly devil?
I'll say
I'm tired of keeping you hiding there
behind the door!
Like a lackey!
Come out! Come out!
be proud of yourself!
No more sneaking,
walk in and give me a good short handshake!
It's all right.
Stay for lunch.
Consider yourself my friend.



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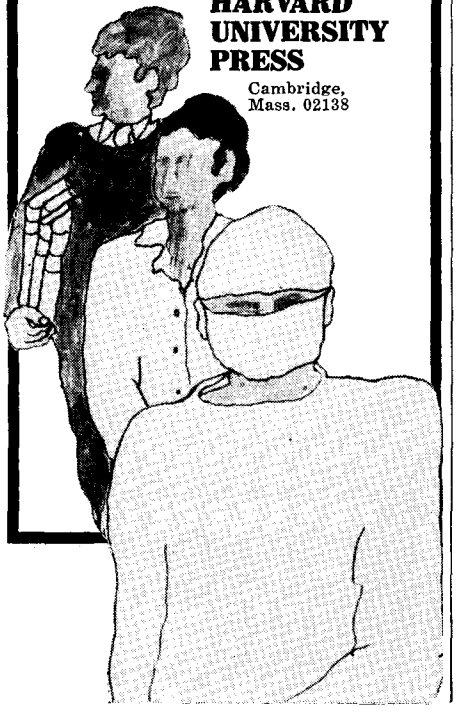

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Solving the Doctor Shortage

Continued from page 26

prising that the students come to feel all the "shlunks" are out there, and all the quality is in here; the suburban hospital is just not as good as the teaching hospital. This helps create a "them and us" setting. Nor is it surprising that this system produces large numbers of doctors who want to specialize, who want to be on the staff of the large teaching hospital, who feel cut off from the mainstream of medicine if not in a city with a medical school.

The physician in training is exposed to a wide variety of non-M.D. personnel in the hospital, but rarely is taught how to work with or effectively use other kinds of manpower outside the hospital. For the most part paramedical personnel are used to achieve higher levels of excellence in treatment of the acutely ill, not to increase physician productivity. There are no lessons in how best to increase productivity through use of physician assistants, pediatric nurse assistants, or midwives in obstetric practice. In fact, in many medical schools students do not see a single tenured professor who treats the majority of his patients outside the hospital setting—with or without physician assistants or other non-M.D. manpower. Also, the medical student is too often separated from the student who is learning to become a nurse midwife or physician assistant, even when the training occurs at the same institution. It is little wonder there is marginal interest in this type of manpower.

Until the doctor is willing and able to use physician assistants and other types of manpower, and until he demands that such people be trained in much larger number, this approach to solving the doctor shortage will have little significance. Similar arguments can be made about technology in medicine. The young doctor has no trouble in using—even demanding—electronic monitoring equipment for his critically ill patient, because he has been exposed to it throughout his training. This is not the case with multiphasic screening (use of automated laboratory equipment in combination with computerized history-taking and screening tests), or computers, or closed-circuit TV. Because today's doctor is not learning with it, watching it in use, or coming to depend on it, this type of technology will have little impact outside the teaching hospital.

Solving the doctor shortage, then, ultimately will depend on doctors. While there are imaginative leaders—flexible men willing to experiment with new patterns — widespread solutions will probably have to wait for changes in the process that produces physicians. As long as the majority of those in positions of influence believe the system is good and getting better, and as long as protection of the status quo is financially rewarding, the prospects for change are dim.

"We're still middle class—barely."

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The Case for National Health Insurance

Continued from page 29

it. To do so—to enable the delivery system to respond to pressures brought by consumers and by younger physicians now graduating from medical schools—the national health insurance payment mechanism must be designed to make change possible, to speed it along; above all, not to freeze what now exists.

Opposition to national health insurance will come from various sources. Some will suggest that, whatever its future merits, the nation is not yet prepared for it; that we must get ready for the increase in demand the program would bring; that we must first increase the supply of personnel and facilities and rationalize and reorganize the system to achieve greater productivity. I submit that if we choose to wait till we are better prepared, we will wait a very long time. What, after all, has the administration done, what is it proposing to do, to increase resources and rationalize the system during the "waiting period"? Little will happen to improve the situation, and we shall find ourselves no more ready for national health insurance six years from now than we are today.

There is little evidence to suggest that, as a nation, we do well in "getting ready" for the future. If we respond at all, we do so when the problem is upon us. We commit resources to increasing supply only when the demand has already been there; when the public has been frustrated in its ability to find services that have been promised. We must mobilize demand if we want to bring changes in supply.

Finally—and this lies at the center of the debate—to say that we are not yet ready to institute a national health program is to say that even today we cannot deliver the medical care that Americans need. If that is the case, if the system is unable to produce more services, shall we continue to ration the short supply on the basis of income and ability to pay for the services? Is this the basis on which medical care should be distributed? Should we not ration according to medical need?

I believe that we should commit ourselves to the concept of a national health insurance program and move forward to institute it as rapidly as it can be enacted. We must begin the debate. The submission of specific legislative proposals helps to focus the debate. Important as it is to enact national health insurance as rapidly as possible, it is also important that we not enter the political-bargaining stage before we examine the issues. It is important that all of us increase our understanding of the advantages and disadvantages of various options. Only in this way will we who are not part of the legislative process or members of organizations with links to the process make an impact on the design of an equitable program that protects against the financial burden of high medical costs and promotes development of a health care system that meets the needs of our population.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Lemuel Gulliver, l; 2. Jay Gatsby, e; 3. Joseph Andrews, d; 4. Alyosha Karamazov, c; 5. Holden Caulfield, j (*Catcher in the Rye*); 6. Frederic Henry, g (*Farewell to Arms*); 7. Gregor Samsa, h (*Metamorphosis*); 8. Billy Budd, i; 9. Pericles, Prince of Tyre, k; 10. Emma Bovary, f; 11. Sancho Panza, a; 12. Ebenezer Scrooge, b (*Christmas Carol*).

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Stratford

Continued from page 42

duces men who *enjoy* the violence of opposing it."

Her brother, played by William Needles as a man vulnerable to every new idea he reads, speaks about the horrors of a television-bred society. "The children watch and slowly they begin living a copy, not of their parents' real life, but the watered-down version other people have made of their parents' real life on the telly. Then along comes a new generation of writers, and they begin writing new episodes about the children, whose ordinariness has doubled because all they've had to look up to was the pale reflection of their parents which the last generation of writers put on the screen."

In the role of the frustrated manager of their shops, Salem Ludwig is quite effective as he expresses his desperation about his unsatisfactory marriage to a woman who stopped growing with him and now makes him despise himself. He also draws applause, presumably from conservatives in the audience, when he attacks the Marxists because they first complained that the working class's growth had been stunted by the bourgeoisie and then went on to endorse working-class values.

The most moving performance in the play is that of Dolores Sutton as Simone, who suffers an unrequited love for one of the "friends." We believe her death wish as she explains, "You know what defeats me? My capacity for nostalgia. I project myself forward twenty years from now and feel myself regretting what I've done today." And at the end she convincingly states what is presumably the author's attitude. "I've only ever spoken about what the workingman *could* be and felt anger that he's abused for what he *is*. And I will neither wear cloth caps nor walk in rags to prove I share his cause; nor share his tastes and claim the values of his class to prove I stand for liberty and love and the sharing between all men of the good things this good earth and man's ingenuity can give."

Unfortunately, despite its intelligence, eloquence, and specialness, *The Friends* drifts lazily on an artificial sea. Characters, whose goals and motives are unclear, ignore urgencies. Instead, they self-indulgently analyze their own malaise. One suspects that Wesker should insert a preliminary scene in which he tells us something about the past lives and current involvements of his characters. In this way, even their subsequent lack of response to realities might emerge as more dramatic.

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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By Thomas H. Middleton

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D. Canaille	84 101 200 22 29 34 41 48
E. Absolutely trustworthy or sure	166 70 31 128 145 97 2 32 79 85
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R. Raw recruit	87 106 162 36 44 137
S. Vague, ill-defined	164 13 139 56 153 71 91 112 160
T. A daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, loved by Zeus	130 146 45 108 208 5
U. Disjointed, rambling	64 188 115 111 155 202 100 172 183 77
V. Alibi or excuse designed to arouse sympathy (2 wds.)	148 47 190 152 119 40 132 20
W. "Poets' mead" of the Norse gods	95 189 129 173 58 8 136
X. Forces another to accept, esp. by stealth or deceit	65 81 50 135 10 138
Y. Hits or throws high in the air	163 92 66 184 142
Z. Cordial	24 26 96 179 144 209 55
Z¹ Austrian writer (1890-1945; "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh")	194 38 125 62 177 33

							1 I	2 E	3 B	4 Q	5 T		6 F	7 Q		8 W	9 F
	10 X	11 A	12 I		13 S	14 B	15 G	16 P	17 C	18 J	19 N	20 V	21 L		22 D	23 I	24 Z
25 M		26 Z	27 M	28 Q	29 D		30 G	31 E		32 E	33 Z¹	34 D	35 H	36 R		37 C	38 Z¹
39 G		40 V	41 D		42 L	43 N	44 R	45 T	46 C		47 V	48 D		49 K	50 X	51 I	52 L
53 O	54 M	55 Z	56 S		57 K	58 W	59 N	60 C		61 Q	62 Z¹		63 O	64 U	65 X	66 Y	67 N
68 K	69 P	70 E	71 S	72 Q	73 J		74 C	75 A	76 B	77 U		78 I	79 E	80 H	81 X	82 M	83 C
	84 D	85 E	86 P	87 R	88 H	89 M	90 N	91 S	92 Y	93 B		94 H	95 W		96 Z	97 E	98 H
99 A	100 U	101 D	102 F	103 O		104 J	105 F	106 R	107 P	108 T		109 O	110 F	111 U		112 S	113 C
114 P	115 U	116 G	117 J	118 H		119 V	120 J		121 M	122 P	123 F	124 G	125 Z¹		126 A	127 J	128 E
129 W	130 T		131 K	132 V	133 O		134 L	135 X		136 W	137 R	138 X	139 S	140 O	141 B	142 Y	143 K
144 Z	145 E	146 T		147 B	148 V		149 K	150 M	151 P	152 V	153 S		154 I	155 U	156 M		157 K
158 M	159 O	160 S		161 B	162 R	163 Y	164 S	165 N	166 E	167 L	168 M	169 F		170 B	171 I	172 U	
173 W	174 A		175 J	176 L	177 Z¹	178 K		179 Z	180 H	181 C		182 A	183 U		184 Y	185 N	186 K
	187 L	188 U	189 W		190 V	191 K	192 P	193 Q		194 Z¹	195 C	196 F	197 G		198 A	199 H	200 D
201 F	202 U	203 B		204 N	205 G	206 J	207 O	208 T	209 Z	210 H							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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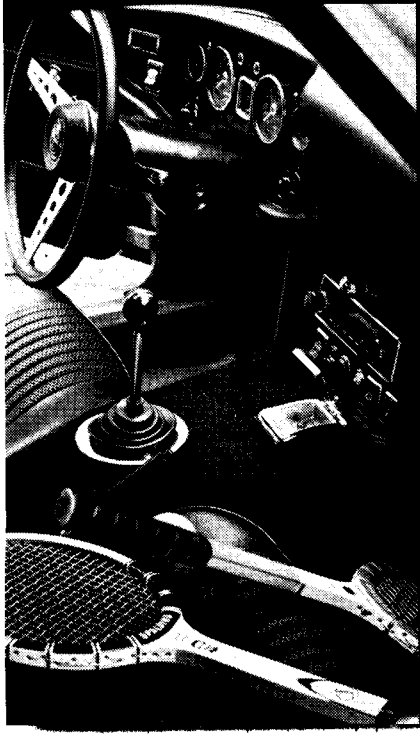

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For four [illegible]
we've been [illegible]
as if [illegible] lives de[illegible] on them.

[illegible] INDIANAPOLIS

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